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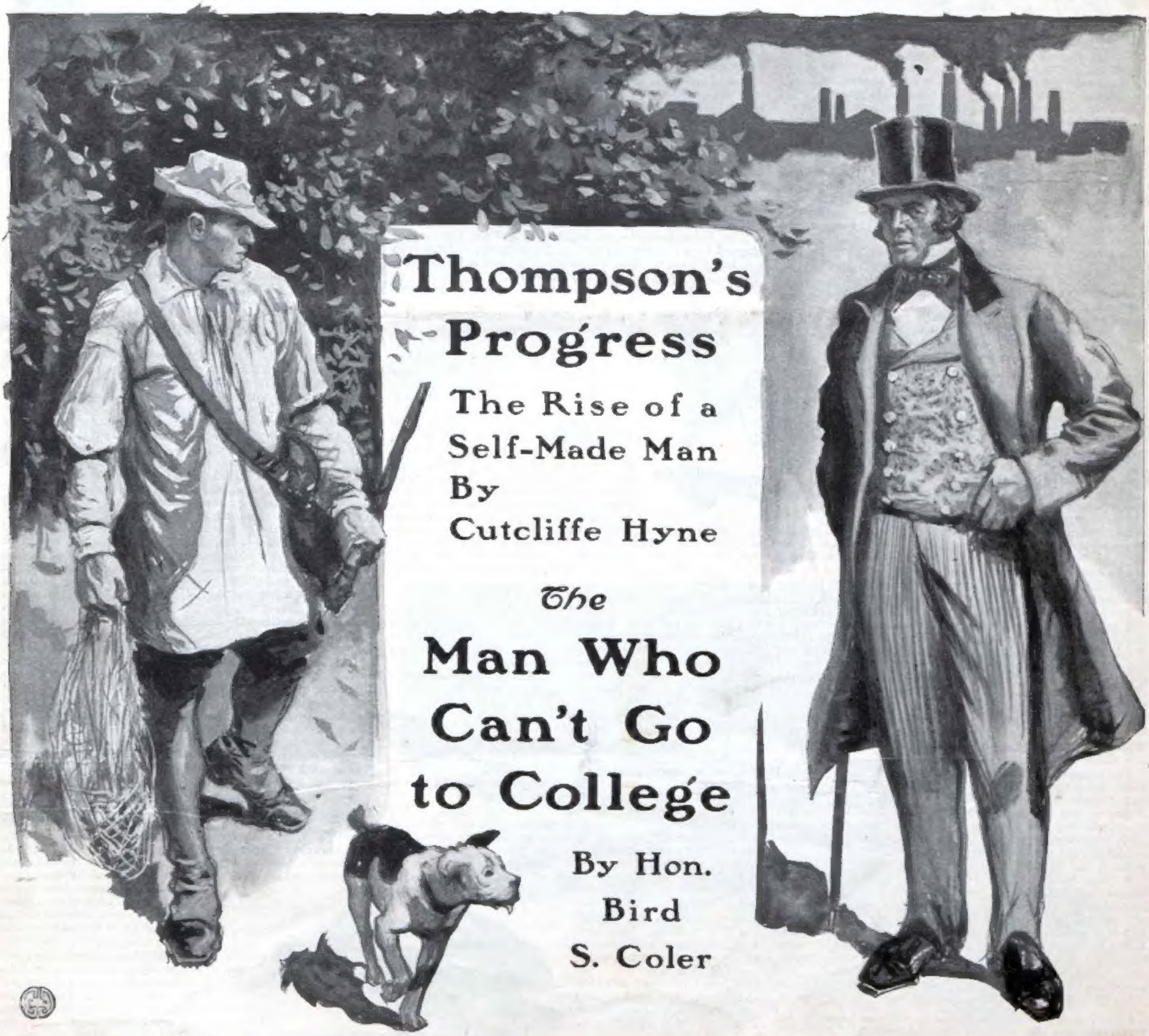

Thompson's Progress

The Rise of a Self-Made Man
By
Cutcliffe Hyne

The

Man Who Can't Go to College

By Hon.
Bird
S. Coler

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

Thompson's Progress—The Story of a Self-Made Man—By Cutcliffe Hyne

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THE SCHOOLMASTER'S FEE

CLARA, the dog of doubtful ancestry, lifted a mottled nose in the air and gave utterance to the faintest possible whimper, and Tom's Son lifted his head above the bramble clump and looked sharply round him through the aisles of the tree stems. There was no one in view, but he was quite aware that the unhandsome Clara possessed several senses which were denied to even his acuteness, and, moreover, that she never departed from her poacher's taciturnity without adequate cause. So he clapped an extra knee on the rabbit net, and stooped his ear to the pine-needles on the turf.

Beneath him he could hear the scared rabbits kicking danger signals with their hind legs against the walls of the burrow, and the scratchings of his brown hob ferret as it harried them. But telephoned in and amongst these sounds there were others which he presently recognized as distant footfalls—thum-thums when they fell on the turf, thush-thush on the moist autumn soil, and sash-crackle when they pushed through gorse and bramble or trod on the dead sticks of the undergrowth.

Tom's Son made a quick diagnosis of the position. "Yon's t' keeper," he decided, "wi' a mate," and wished he had been working the hob ferret on a line instead of free.

Prudence suggested desertion of the ferret and an immediate retreat. Professional pride declaimed that honor would be lost if the hob were left behind.

So far no sound of the advancing enemy came to him through the air, but he kept his sharp ears strained to their fullest pitch to catch the first warning. He took in three of his outlying nets. As he was in the very act and article of unpegging a fourth, a scared rabbit bolted into it, and butted spasmodically amongst the meshes. Again prudence urged that in view of possible complications it was advisable not to be carrying a recently killed rabbit upon the person. But Tom's Son had that within him which made it almost impossible to jettison property once acquired; and, moreover, now, as in after life, the riskiness of a speculation never scared him if he saw an opportunity of good profit, and the means of bringing off the venture successfully. So he gave the rabbit a skillful *coup de grâce* and slipped the limp, warm remains into a skirt pocket.

Already he had the contours of the hummocky ground, the plan of the coverts, and the line of his own retreat marked out in his mind with entire accuracy. He had decided to a hand's-breadth the direction in which the keeper and his companion were coming, and had mapped out to a yard the point which they would have to pass before there was any necessity for his retirement. He was a lad, as may be seen, who left nothing to chance, if calculation could make it certainty.

The one thing he could not decide was whether the keeper had brought his dog, and even Clara's wonderful talents stopped short at giving information on a nice point like this. If the dog were present he must make a long retreat, as the dog's nose would be a danger if he and Clara remained in the neighborhood, and he took no avoidable risks. If, on the other hand, there were no dog, he knew of a snug place of hiding close at hand which was quite man-proof. It was part of his capital, the knowledge of these places. Then he could return to business as soon as the keeper had gone his ways. If only that miserable hob ferret would bolt those two rabbits which were left, and come out——

The keeper's brown cloth cap showed at the appointed place, and Tom's Son doubled up under the lee of the bushes and glided away. The hob must be deserted, after all. Annoying, but there was no help for it. Moreover, he was learning young that fine art of cutting a loss which would serve him so well in later years. So he ran on by the ways he had marked out for himself, and Clara slunk silently along at his heels.

A quick reconnaissance told him that Hustler, the gamekeeper, had (like a fool) come without his dog, and so the retreat took its shorter alternative. They came to a portly old oak that had been pollarded by lightning. Many a time had Tom's Son gathered acorns from beneath its branches to fatten the rabbits in the burrows before he poached them. Moreover, he had learned that the tree, though to all appearance sound, was a mere funnel inside, and indeed it had more than once served him as a place of temporary residence.

He picked up Clara, and clapped her round his neck, lamb fashion, and that intelligent mongrel clung on there skillfully. Then with boot-toes and knees and fingers he climbed the rough bark till he got to a branch, swung himself up till he reached the crown, and thereupon disappeared, and Clara with him.

Meanwhile Hustler and his companion were coming along at a steady plod, and presently the gamekeeper's instinct became aware of a recent disturbance of the ground. He should have seen rabbits round this warren; a pheasant or two should have been feeding on those acorns; but the wood was deserted and quiet except for the twittering of small birds. His trained eye began to rove about more curiously, and once he found a place on a shale bank where Tom's Son, in spite of all his thoughtful cunning, had been compelled to leave a boot print.

He stooped a moment, and examined the tiny fountains of mudded water which had welled into the nail-pocks. "That's fresh wi'in this last hour, Hophni," said he.

"It'll be Tom's Son, that lad I telled tha' about."

"'Appen so, 'appen no," said the keeper. "Let's be moving and see if we can leet on him. Cower quiet."

They walked on stealthily, and the keeper's woodcraft was severely tested in following the tracks, because Tom's Son, as became an intelligent poacher, made a study of walking invisibly. But in another score of yards the attack on the burrow lay patent to any professional eye.

Hophni Asquith, the keeper's companion, could not, it is true, read the marks till they were pointed to him; but when Hustler displayed the impress of the poacher's knee and toe, the newly-riven earth where pegs had held down the rabbit nets, and the dozen other matters which told an expert the exact history of what had been done, the younger man read these things eagerly enough for himself, and repeated with a fresh snap of delight that this was surely the work of Tom's Son. "He's a jill ferret that they tell me's a marvel," said Asquith.

The keeper of a sudden stiffened into immobility, and motioned for silence. A scared rabbit bolted, and presently a lithe brown animal came capering out of the burrow. It stopped for a moment, framed in the archway, and then ran out into the open. The keeper stretched out a large gentle hand, and secured it.

"Well, Hophni, lad, this 'ere ferret's a 'ob, and so tha'rt wrong. Appears to me there's a good deal of dislike atwixt this Tom's Son, if that's his name, and thee. What's it about?"

"There's a lass that I like that likes 'im better. Not that he walks her out. But she'll noan walk wi' me, an' if I'd 'im jailed I'm thinking she'd forget t' beggar."

"I care note for thee nor tha' lass," said the keeper with cheerful candor, "but if this chap comes here after my rabbits, I'm wi' tha' i' wanting 'im stowed away i' t' jug. We'll just go ower yonder out o' sight and wait a while. 'Appen he'll come back. It's us that's scared him, you can see that, but I must say he's picked up his feet and run away remarkable cautious. There's not a bootmark to show anywhere. But he'll noan be so pleased at losing yon ferret, and 'appen he'll come back to fotch it. We'll go an' set wersens down agen yon gurt oak."

Some impish fate decided that the tree in question was that lightning-pollarded patriarch which has already sprouted into this history, and when Tom's Son heard the thump of their shoulders not three inches from his own ear, he could have laughed aloud in his amusement. It is terribly hard at times to keep such excellent jests as these to one's self.

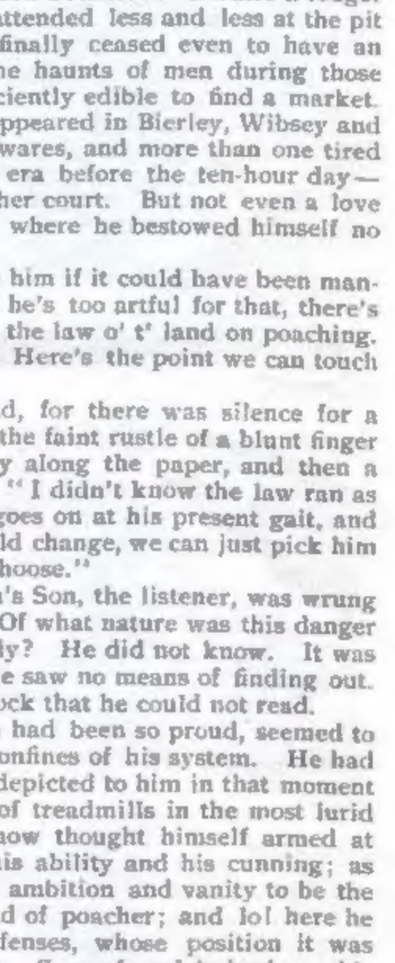
The mirth, however, died out of him to some extent as he listened. Asquith, with frankly unconcealed spite, was giving the history of this poacher to the keeper. He was telling how, almost as soon as the lad was breeched, he descended with his father to work as a hurrier, or propeller of corves (which are miniature coal-trucks), in one of the collieries. This event first took place in the year 1842, before the Education Department was born, and labor laws were mostly conspicuous by their absence. In the winter months he was lowered down the pit shaft before daybreak, and so did not see the sun except on Sundays for six months together. The buckle-end of a belt gave him encouragement, and, as he did not die under the treatment, he grew uncommonly strong and hardy. "He could throw thee an' me together," said Hophni Asquith, and spat disgustedly at the thought.

The keeper smiled contemplatively, and felt his forearm. "Tha'st been brought up i' t' miln," he said, "but I can wrastle aboon a bit mysen. I'd like to have a thraw wi' him. He's nobbut sixteen or seventeen. And what's his name, dost ta say?"

"Tom's Son they call him, i' Bierley. His mother died when he wor a bairn. They called his father Tom."

"Tom who?"

"I never heard t' owd chap given any other name than Tom, and as he's been dead these two year now, killed by a fall o' muck i' t' pit, I don't suppose that there's any that remembers."



The talk dropped between them then, but at intervals, to beguile the tedium of waiting, the history was continued in scraps. It appeared that the original Tom had done a trifle of poaching at intervals, according to the usual collier custom which then held in the Low Moor and Bradford districts; and (also according to custom) blooded his son to the sport as soon as that urchin was old enough. The original Tom was a poor poacher, and took to the woods only in a dilettante way. But Tom's Son proved a genius and an enthusiast at the business, and had frequently to be checked by applications of the paternal belt lest he should lose entire taste for the beauties and necessities of coal mining.

After the fall of earth made him an orphan, and as all the household property was swallowed up in providing sufficient pomp for the funeral, Tom's Son became for a while a lodger in various cottages; but he attended less and less at the pit as the months went on, and finally ceased even to have an official residence amongst the haunts of men during those seasons when game was sufficiently edible to find a market. At intervals, it seemed, he appeared in Bierley, Wibsey and the other villages to sell his wares, and more than one tired mill lass—for that was the era before the ten-hour day—gave him free leave to pay her court. But not even a love affair could anchor him, and where he bestowed himself no man knew.

"I'd have liked you to cop him if it could have been managed," said Hophni, "but if he's too artful for that, there's another way. Sithee, here's the law o' t' land on poaching. I weared two shilling on it. Here's the point we can touch him on. Now read that."

Apparently the keeper read, for there was silence for a minute or so, broken only by the faint rustle of a blunt finger tracing the words laboriously along the paper, and then a grunt or two of satisfaction. "I didn't know the law ran as simple as that. Why, if he goes on at his present gait, and there's no reason why he should change, we can just pick him up and run him in when we choose."

Inside the tree trunk, Tom's Son, the listener, was wrung with a sudden clap of fear. Of what nature was this danger they spoke about so confidently? He did not know. It was beyond his art to guess. He saw no means of finding out. It came to him as a horrid shock that he could not read.

His cool nerve, of which he had been so proud, seemed to slip entirely away from the confines of his system. He had a strong imagination, and it depicted to him in that moment visions of jails and diagrams of treadmills in the most lurid of coloring. He had up to now thought himself armed at every point by his courage, his ability and his cunning; as he was a poacher, it was his ambition and vanity to be the most perfect and skillful kind of poacher; and lo! here he was told of a gap in his defenses, whose position it was beyond all his art to discover. So profound indeed was his agitation, that Clara by intuition shared in it, and began to move uneasily in her form, and even forgot her poacher's manners so much as to utter the ghost of a whimper.

It was Clara's agitation which cooled his wits again. Panic is the most catchy thing on earth; but one finds here and there rare fellows on whom the sight of panic in others has the most amazingly bracing effect, and it is these who in war, and in trade, and in everything else become leaders. Tom's Son slid out a strong, steady hand and laid it on Clara's mottled nose, and Clara looked up and saw from her master's eye that outwardly, at any rate, he was calm again, and that was enough for her. She was quite willing to accept the opinion of any one else upon the situation, so long as it was coolly and stendily given. She was eminently one of the ruck. She had no ambition to think and lead for herself.

Tom's Son, once more his own lad again, decided that the situation needed a remedy, and, churning it over in his nimble brain, plotted out with very little waste of time what that remedy must be. He must learn to read. It was typical of him that he tried to find other alternatives. It was typical of him also that in less than a minute he had reviewed every other possible course and proved to himself that each of them held its own insuperable flaw. But once he had made up his mind upon the point he dismissed the entire subject from his thought, and employed his imagination upon quite alien matters till the keeper and Hophni Asquith chose to go, and left him free.

He climbed out of his shelter then, dusted himself free from

Editor's Note—This is the first of six striking stories, by Mr. Hyne, describing the remarkable rise and adventures of Tom's Son. Each story will be complete in itself, but at the same time a distinct thread of continuity will run through all. The second story will appear in The Saturday Evening Post of July 30.

dead leaves and punk—for he always had a niceness about his clothes—and started off watchfully to get free from the woods, with Clara treading delicately at his heels.

Now Tom's Son, though fully determined to acquire the art of reading, was by no means minded to expend unnecessary capital over the matter if it could be avoided. In the first place, he destined what money he had for other purposes; and in the second, the love for a deal lay deep within his blood, and it dearly tickled him to get the upper hand in one, through sheer lust for conquest.

However, Mr. Squire Tordoff, the teacher, whom Tom's Son went then to interview, was as close-fisted an elderly man as in the years 1840-50 could be found in that part of Yorkshire. He had begun life as a hand-loom weaver; but on accession to the ancestral property—which consisted of three low-rented cottages—he had left his family to propel the clacking looms in the upper chamber, and himself set up a night school for the instruction of grown-ups. In earlier days he had been a devout Chartist, had drilled with a pike in 1838, and twice in the autumn of that year had dodged the sabres of indignant dragoons in Bradford streets. He still held to some very weird and revolutionary political opinions, and education for the masses was his constant outcry. Hence the night school. But he tempered fanaticism with commerce, and scoffers held that once he had raised enthusiasm amongst the unlettered, and lured them into his night school, they found the fees there exorbitantly heavy.

Squire Tordoff and Tom's Son were old antagonists. Many a time had the Squire pointed out to the lad the tremendous advantage of education, and Tom's Son (without prejudice) had admitted the point, but held that so strenuous an apostle ought to supply his wares gratis. They were quite friendly over the matter. Once Squire had tried to break Tom's Son's head for his impudence, and found out that he had tackled a professional boxer, who was built apparently of chilled steel with copper fastenings, and so he got soundly trounced for his pains. But of course he did not bear any enmity for that. He merely boasted of the circumstance in Bradford afterward as showing what thews Bierley could produce amongst its young.

When Tom's Son called at the Tordoff residence the family there were partaking of their evening meal of havercake, which is oatmeal porridge delicately flavored with bacon grease. He produced a fine plump rabbit from a skirt pocket—a rabbit which he had carefully fed with acorns before poaching it—and threw it into a corner of the room. It always pleased him to make unexpected gifts.

He waited till the meal was at an end, and the havercake bowls were gathered on the sink, and the clogs of the household had clattered off, and overhead the hand-looms had once more begun their clacking, and then he tackled his subject without any unnecessary preface.

"Squire," he said, "I want that schooling. But I'll noan pay tha'."

"Then, my young friend," said Squire Tordoff, lighting a long pipe, and preparing for argument, "you may just stay where you are in outer darkness. If a man of the present day appreciates that the blessing of education will put him on the level of the so-called aristocracy of this country, and yet will not pay a small fee to the professor who drags him there, he may just stay where his fathers were, amongst the beasts that perish."

"I'll pay tha' one rabbith a week for three nights' teaching. And ye know well, Squire, that my rabbiths is allus fine fat 'uns."

"Your rabbits are plump, Tom, and I'm free to own that they're the best sold in this district, though how you manage to find them in such fine condition I do not know. But your proposal that I should accept your fee in kind is not accepted. I might mention that when rabbits are needed in this household, I have some skill in culling them from their native hedgerows myself. Put your wares on the market, Tom, and bring your school fees in current coin of the realm like a gentleman."

"I'm noan a gentleman, though I will be one of these days, and talking 'fine' like thee and t' parson. Better tak' t' rabbiths, Squire, or I'll be forcing tha' to snap at a worse offer afore I've done with tha'."

"As you would say in the vernacular, Mr. Thompson, t' brass or note are my terms, and if you don't like them, clear out of this dwelling and let me read the paper. I only have my turn with it for another hour, and then I have to give it up. As it is, you've been wasting me a good half-inch of tallow candle with your idle talk, and I think the least you can do as a recompense is to tell me where you get those fine rabbits of yours. All those that I can find are as lean as greyhounds."

Squire Tordoff quite expected a refusal of this request, but made it on the principle that little is lost by asking. Somewhat to his surprise he was promptly told of a burrow where the rabbits had achieved a portliness past belief, and was bidden to raid them the following afternoon, or they would be collected by another hand. After which, Tom's Son departed from the house feeling very pleased with himself.

Squire dipped into the sevenpenny newspaper which he and others subscribed for amongst them, with a feeling of conquest and complacency, though if he could have known the thoughts which had been passing in the brain of the nimble-minded diplomatist who had just left him he might not have felt so secure of his future happiness and ease. But then of course it was too early in life for Tom's Son to have earned the reputation of being "a queer fellow to cross," which was sometimes so humorously applied to him in later years.

Tom's Son, on his part, laid his plans with care. He artfully let it come to the ears of Phineas Asquith (brother to Hophni of that ilk) that he intended raiding a certain warren in the Low Moor woods on the succeeding afternoon, to supply a large order which he had received for rabbits, and then, to clinch matters still further, went and did a few minutes' flirtation (*coram publico*) with the girl of Hophni's fancy. It was a case somewhat of wheels within wheels, but Tom's Son had a clear head and saw his way through. The trifle of courtship would come promptly to Hophni's ears, and keep his jealous wrath warm and active; Phineas, knowing the feud, would certainly make it his business to tell Hophni of the poaching plans out of sheer clannishness; Hophni would lay information with Hustler, the keeper: and for the rest of the campaign also Tom's Son had his careful arrangements.

In due time, then, he betook himself across country to Low Moor woods, with the usual Clara at his heels; and after depositing that intelligent mongrel in a place of security, went on alone under the trees, and presently obliterated himself from sight and scent amongst some convenient undergrowth. It was just possible that the keeper might have the gumption to bring a dog with him, and as Tom's Son knew that fact quite well, he remembered there is nothing like loam, new-rootled, to neutralize the human taint so far as a dog's nose is concerned, and used his knowledge.

The tedium of waiting was in no wise heavy to him. He had his keen commercial instincts even at that early stage; but upon occasion he could eliminate these entirely from his mind and leave free for work that artistic half of his soul, which showed him, more than is granted to most men, the beauty of the woods even in their winter dress, and helped him to appreciate with almost an animal's ardency the music which the wind, and the wet, and the things of life make amongst their branches. I think he had a more receptive eye than most people, and certainly an ear capable of taking up a larger gamut of melody.

But with all this he was no dreamer to get lost beyond hope and rescue in his dreams. He could awake with a dog's quickness to the stress of every-day life; and when from far off the rustle of a blundering footstep on a broken branch fell upon his ear, he sloughed off in that moment his poetic mood, and became once more the poacher and schemer.

He chuckled presently to find that the newcomer was his particular enemy, Hophni Asquith, and watched him get to cover; and when in the course of another half hour Squire Tordoff resolved himself out of the mist of distant trees, and came up with clumsy caution, Tom's Son shook with noiseless laughter.

Squire, though at home he preached loudly the common inherit-of-ground game, the inalienable rights of man, and his own contempt for unjust game laws, was openly nervous. His process of culling the rabbits was to net all convenient holes of a burrow except one, and then to introduce down this a spluttering reeky firework of damp gunpowder, which in theory should cause all residents to bolt without standing upon the order of their exit. His fingers trembled as he pegged down the nets, and when it came to strike a light for his engine, the wood rang with the tack-tack-tack of his steel upon the flint, and he barked his fingers four times over through sheer scare before he got a spark upon the tinder. To watch him casting back frightened squints first over this shoulder and then over that, was, thought Tom's Son, one of the most exquisitely humorous scenes he had ever seen.

But it hung in Tom's mind that he did not make up all of the audience. He knew the position of Hophni. It struck him also that the warren was in the flat floor of a gully, and that Hophni Asquith blocked one of the only two available exits. Presently, he concluded, Hustler, the keeper, would come up from the other direction and so they would net the excellent Squire between them.

These deductions did not surprise him in the least; in fact it was all part of his plan of campaign that Squire Tordoff should be in this way surrounded and pinned. But it was by no means part of the game that the man should be actually captured; and so, having made sure in his own mind that the trap was acting perfectly, he slipped from his cover into the narrow gutter cut by a tiny beck, and in his noiseless way made for the burrow where Squire was working.

He knew he was well out of sight of Hophni. He knew also that Hustler, if he was watching in the neighborhood (which was probable), could not see him. But for all that he moved rapidly because, like quick decision, quick movement was part of his nature. Life seemed to him so full and so busy that it was sheer gratuitous sin to waste time over any of its details.

His great trouble was how to make Squire Tordoff aware of his presence without causing that doughty person (who was as nervous as a hare) to start violently, and probably advertise the cause of his emotion to the watchful Hophni. He managed, however, to let his presence be known just as Squire extracted a bolting rabbit from one of the nets, and though start he did, to any watcher his sudden movement and uplifted hand might have been one of the ordinary actions of the chase. Indeed the upraised hand descended next instant on the rabbit's neck to give it a *coup de grâce*, for Squire Tordoff had his pride like other people, and did not wish to leave on record even with Tom's Son his exhibition of fear. Moreover, he had his lips ready to utter an ordinary greeting. But there was a look on Tom's Son's face that froze the speech behind his teeth, and though he was a dogged, obstinate man himself, he fell to wondering for an instant as to what there could be in the lad's looks which sent out such an unrefusable command.

However, it was presently shown to him in very unmistakable signs that there was danger abroad, but that he personally was to show no consciousness of it. Obedient to the stronger mind, he dropped down again on to his knees and busied himself at his employment, and though his face beaded, and his fingers twitched as though St. Vitus had visited him, he continued to exhibit a very tolerable presentment of the undisturbed amateur poacher.

Tom's Son, with a gurgle of intense laughter, stalked nearer along the ditch, and in a delicately modulated whisper, spoke with splendid descriptiveness of the dangers that encompassed them: how there was Hophni on this side, the keeper on that, and the shale walls of the ravine on either flank, too steep for a man of Squire's figure to scale. "But 'appen they'll let tha' off wi' a fine when tha'st up before t' magistrates," Tom's Son concluded with wicked consolation, "as it will be a first offense."

"'Twill not be a first offense," groaned Squire. "I've been there twice before, and got warned. It will be jail for me this time, and no option."

"Well," said Tom's Son, shaking in his ditch, "'appen jail is noan as bad as they say. And tha' can tell afterward, when tha'rt making speeches Saturday night at the public, that tha' went theer for conscience sake."

It was a neat application from Squire's former lectures, but it did not soothe the victim. On the contrary, it moved him to muffled and somewhat irrational profanity, though at the same time he studiously went on manipulating the rabbit nets and the burrows for the benefit of possible onlookers. Finally, "It isn't as if I was younger," he said. "I'm too old to offer myself as a martyr now for the people's good, and besides, the case is not clear here, and the motive might be misunderstood. Tom, lad, I'm going to make a run for it, and do you come with me. Then if the keeper tries to stop us, you can give him a rap over the head."

"Not me. I'm noan poaching, and I've note to run for. Run ye, and get copped. Unless, that is, a fine would suit tha' better."

The old man caught somewhat pitifully at the alternative. "A fine, Tom? How do you mean?"

"Give me that schooling for note, and I'll get tha' off, and neither Hophni nor t' keeper shall know where tha'st gone to."

"Certainly, Tom. I'll teach you with pleasure, and do it free, as you say. I'll teach you all I know. You're a bright, smart lad, and I always intended to do something for you."

(*Continued on Page 14*)

—Tom's Son lifted his head above the bramble clump and looked sharply round him

"Kicker" Lang—A Harvard Story

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

"I never consider myself fundamentally," Jimmie sniffed

SYNOPSIS OF PART I—Jimmie Thurston, a Harvard sophomore, has gone deeply in debt. One of his creditors has notified him that, unless his bill is paid at once, he will notify the young man's father. In desperation, Jimmie has gone to "Kicker" Lang, his tutor, for counsel. Lang advised him to write to his father at once and make a clean breast of the whole matter. Lang steps out of the room and Jimmie writes the letter at his desk. In looking for a stamp he comes upon his tutor's hard-earned savings and decides that it will do no harm to borrow the amount he needs. That evening he tells Lang what he has done. Then follows a violent scene, for the amount is large. Lang urgently needs it for a special use, and Jimmie has no idea of even the possibility of prompt repayment.

PART II

JIMMIE found his situation particularly desperate, inasmuch as Lang, after his first outburst, refused to discuss it. For three days the lessons, strangely enough, went on as before—the tutor had sent Jimmie word on Wednesday evening that he was expected at ten o'clock in the morning as usual, and the boy had not dared to absent himself. But Lang's businesslike manner gave so little clue to his intentions that Jimmie with a shudder finally forced himself to murmur:

"Have you written to my father yet?" To which Lang answered a dry, unenlightening:

"No." There was something portentous and awful in the tutor's icy reserve.

After the fourth lesson, just as Jimmie was preparing to leave, Lang produced some writing materials and, placing a chair in front of the desk, said quietly:

"I should like you to tell your father precisely what happened in my room last Wednesday afternoon. I've written him my version of your—your act;" he drew an envelope from his pocket; "and of course when he sees mine he will wish to see yours. You might as well write it now."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," Jimmie exclaimed.

"Just as you please," the tutor answered gravely. He sat down in front of the fire and began to read. Jimmie lingered, staring sullenly at the rain-blurred window.

"Kicker—what are you going to do?" he finally asked. "You have some—some scheme to make it as bad as possible for me."

But Kicker was deaf to the pathos of the other's voice.

"I'm going to give my letter to the postman when he comes in about twenty-five minutes—that is, unless you have finished yours by that time," he replied.

There was a scheme then, Jimmie reflected, and he wonderingly studied Lang's head and neck and shoulders, realizing for the first time as he did so that backs are quite as expressive in their way as fronts. "Do you mean that if I do write my letter you won't send yours?" Jimmie inquired.

"Don't get the impression that I am trying to make a bargain with you," Lang answered, without looking from his book. "I don't exactly have to, you know." Jimmie flushed at what he considered the impertinence of this, but he did not undertake to dispute it. He merely tingled for a moment without acknowledging even to himself that Lang's remark was exasperating chiefly because it was so true. Then he flung himself into the chair at the desk and began a letter to his father. There was nothing else, he realized with despair, that he very well could do. For three days Jimmie had been sick with suspense. He was scarcely of a heroic temperament; but he more than once had felt himself capable of enduring physical torture with a smile if by that method of atonement he could keep from his father the knowledge of what he had done. Of course it was irritating—intensely so—to be forced by any one to do anything; he disliked exceedingly the necessity of writing the letter whose opening sentences he was finding so difficult. But Lang's words: "I shall give it to the postman—*unless* you have finished yours by that time," seemed to Jimmie to contain the hint of a promise that by all the laws of self-preservation he was, if possible, bound to make good. He compelled himself to tell his father just what had happened, and—believing that Lang would read the composition and then (exquisite possibility) perhaps relent—he told it baldly, omitting the skillful evasions, the euphemisms, the ingenuous astonishments at finding himself in so "annoying a position," which he would have made use of had he not been consciously writing more for Lang's benefit than for his father's.

"I've done as you asked me to," he at length murmured as he signed his name and handed his effort to Lang. The tutor once more drew from his pocket the other letter to Mr. Thurston and, without reading a word of Jimmie's, folded it neatly and was about to slip it into the same envelope with his own.

"You may read it if you want to," Jimmie faltered; "in fact, I wish you would," he added, as Kicker, with the envelope against his lips, hesitated.

"Oh, I've no doubt it's all right," Lang answered, smiling a little as if to himself. He sealed the letter and returned it to his pocket; then the two stood there—each waiting for the other to speak. Jimmie was the first to break the silence.

"I'd rather send it myself," he declared.

"You mean you'd rather not send it at all."

"I confess it doesn't give me any particular pleasure to send it, but if—if it's going——"

"It wouldn't go—never in the world; you didn't intend it to in the first place. If I gave it back to you, you would destroy it and write another one—a string of lies from beginning to end. You know you would. Your anxiety to have me read this one leads me to believe you've told the truth in it. I may be wrong, but I'll risk it. If your father is to learn of this miserable affair he must have the truth of it."

"You have no right to take possession of a letter from me to my father—from me to any one. I gave it to you to read and return, and I want it—now."

Lang laughed indifferently.

"You object to my taking your letter—I'm glad to learn that you have a scruple or two on the subject of taking things," he said.

"Give it to me—it's mine, I tell you," Jimmie demanded. His lips were trembling with anger.

"Do you wish to tear it up or send it to Mr. Thurston?" Again the tutor produced the envelope from his pocket and held it meditatively in his hand. Jimmie twisted his ring in an agony of indecision. Outside in the corridor there was a sound of lumbering footsteps and the sharp click of a letter-slide in a neighboring door.

"I mean to send it," he answered stupidly.

"Then I shall give it to the postman." Lang opened the door but paused to look back.

"I shan't give you the letter—ever; you might as well disabuse yourself of that idea at once. But whether or not I send it," he added slowly, "depends on you, Jimmie—entirely on you." A kinder tone in his voice caused the boy to glance at him furtively and at the same instant divine the nature of the tutor's scheme. The letters were to be a sort of hostage—Lang meant to keep them as a menace—the tacit medium of a perpetual threat. Anything but that; life on those terms would not be worth living. Better by far let his father know the worst and have the earth crumble and the sky fall in with one annihilating crash than drag out a dreary existence—the slave of one he had begun to detest.

"Send it then—send it!" Jimmie cried in a burst of scorn that he felt was spectacular and glorious. "I don't any more care for you and what you do than I care for the boards on the floor." He stamped his foot and shrugged, and snapped his fingers and laughed hoarsely.

A red hand and a gray-blue coat-sleeve were thrust through the narrow opening of the door. Upon the extended palm Lang deposited the letter. The heavy footsteps resounded once more. Then Jimmie sprang up and flung himself against the tutor who was closing the door.

"Call him back—call him back—don't let him take it! Let me out—open the door, I say—it mustn't go—I don't want you to send it," he implored.

"Oh, how I hate you!" he groaned helplessly a moment later, when Lang returned with the letter in his hand.

II

IN THE months that followed Lang often wondered whether he had done wisely. It was impossible for him not to feel at times that his plan for bringing Jimmie to his senses was audacious and rather theatrical. He—Lang—was, after all, not so very much older in years than the fellow whose ways of life he had undertaken radically to change, and he was frequently worried by the thought that perhaps he was making too presumptuous a use of his accidental power. On the other hand, a searching inquiry into his motives for blackmailing Jimmie (it was Jimmie who one day angrily suggested the term) convinced him that revenge was not among them. In his first anguish on learning that his hard-earned savings had been appropriated (very much as one might appropriate half a dozen pages of a friend's notebook if one happened to be in a hurry), Lang, it is true, had been on the point of wreaking swift vengeance. Jimmie had seemed to him all at once like a hideous little parasite of some kind—something to be destroyed—obliterated. But the tutor had not acted upon his first impulses. His rage had been genuine and bitter, yet it had not been altogether blind. Even before it quite subsided it had become tinged with sadness and pity, and Lang discovered at length that in spite of all the anxiety and trouble to which Jimmie had subjected him, he was sorrier for Jimmie than he was for himself. The realization stayed the hand that was raised to deal the youth about as heavy a blow as could befall him and left it poised for a time in mid-air. When it did descend, it descended slowly.

"The truth is," Lang admitted to himself, after thinking long of what, under the circumstances, he had better do, "I have liked Jimmie and I like him still. He's worth a chance." And gradually the nature of the chance he meant to offer young Thurston made itself clear to him. The kindliness—the affection almost from which the idea sprang in the first place—in contrast with the necessary austerity of its terms, made Lang smile a little as he considered how impossible it would be for Jimmie to reconcile the two.

With characteristic directness the tutor began, the morning after he had rescued Jimmie's letter from the postman, to make his intentions distressingly clear. Jimmie had appeared as usual for his lesson, but at the end of the hour he would have left the room without a word if Lang had not detained him.

"By saving from your allowance every month a seventh of what you owe me you will be able to pay me by the end of the college year," Kicker began.

"I am able to pay you something now," Jimmie answered haughtily, as he took a card-case from his pocket and produced from it two twenty-dollar bills.

"I'd rather you wouldn't borrow money for the purpose; you're enough in debt as it is," said Lang. "In fact, from now on, I think it would be just as well for you to stop borrowing for any purpose whatever. I should also like to—to——," the slight hesitation gave the next word a peculiar irony, "suggest that you return this forty dollars to-day to the person you borrowed it from and show me a receipt for it to-morrow. You might bring me, too, an itemized list of your other debts. I have a very good reason for wanting to see it." He had wondered how Jimmie would take this and he was surprised at the boy's calmness. For a moment there was no answer; the slow deepening of the line between Jimmie's eyes seemed to indicate that Jimmie was actually thinking before he spoke.

"And if I refused," he murmured.

"Why, if I were you, frankly, I shouldn't refuse," Lang answered. There was an unaffected geniality in his tone, and, just as he had suspected, Jimmie was unable to make it harmonize with the meaning of the words. The reply apparently baffled him, for when Lang turned to poke the fire, he walked slowly out of the room.

But the next morning he came to his lesson and, before sitting down, placed two sheets of paper on the tutor's desk. One was a receipt for the returned forty dollars, and the other—a much more complicated document—was the astonishing enumeration of his debts. This last, Lang at the end of the hour read carefully, pausing now and then with his head thrown back and his eyes turned ceilingward to make mental calculations, while Jimmie, near by, regarded the wall opposite in sullen dignity.

"I'm sorry, but you won't be able to pay them all this year," Kicker suddenly announced; "even with your allowance," he added.

"Well, I should hope not," Jimmie coldly replied.

"But you can get rid of the worst ones—the ones you've owed the longest," Lang continued. "Of course you mean to pay some day; everybody does. As a last hold on respectability the intention of 'paying some day' is the masculine equivalent of a black silk dress. But I can't see that within any decent length of time you'll be better able to make a beginning than you are at the present moment. The fact is, you know," he went on easily, "unless you begin at once to get rid of them systematically you'll just drift along until your father has to extricate you from lawsuits and all sorts of unpleasant things. Then there'll be a scene. Now what we wish above all things to avoid is a scene." He picked up a scratch-block from the floor beside him and covered a page with neat figures and marginal notes, referring from time to time to Jimmie's list. Then he handed it to Jimmie, who glanced at it indifferently and shrugged.

"This is very absurd," he said. "Of course I couldn't live on that amount."

"Oh, yes, I think you can," Lang answered pleasantly. "I get along myself very well indeed on infinitely less."

"We are two very different persons," Jimmie declared sententiously.

"Yes, I suppose we are," the other mused; "but fundamentally, our needs are probably very much alike," he laughed.

"I never consider myself fundamentally," Jimmie sniffed.

"Really?" Lang asked with polite interest. "Well, it's a most excellent habit to acquire; and now is your chance. I must be paid; the others must be paid."

Jimmie examined Lang's calculations more minutely.

"What you've left me to live on wouldn't do much more than pay my room-rent," he said.

"Yes, your present rooms *are* rather costly for one who undergoes such—strange adventures in making both ends meet," Lang agreed.

"And even if I meant to change them, which—which I don't," Jimmie bravely faltered, "how could I? You have to let them know by the third of May, and here it is the middle of November. Who on earth is hunting for a room in November?" he asked triumphantly.

"Why, a little chap named McCoy is," Lang placidly answered. "I had a note from him this morning. He tutored with me last summer, you know, and then, after passing his exams, broke his leg just before college opened. He'll help you out, I'm quite sure."

Jimmie's lips trembled and his fingers nervously tore the sheet of paper they were holding into fine shreds.

"I think we're going to have some more snow," said Lang who had strolled over to the window. But Jimmie gathered up his books and left the room without trusting himself to the extent of a reply.

III

THERE were hours in the months that followed in which Jimmie paced his new and unfashionably situated apartment, trying not to cry and wishing audibly that he were dead. More than once he would have threatened suicide had he not remembered how tranquilly Lang had taken the news of his impending demise the year before.

"What pleasure is there in life when everybody lives to make you miserable?" he had once tragically demanded of the tutor after an eventful visit from his father. "I have often thought of ending it all, and this has decided me." To which Lang had said as he lighted a pipe: "Oh no, don't do that; I'd feel so sorry, and besides, it would probably hurt like anything." As a threat, suicide, Jimmie realized, would not prove effective; and as for really committing the act, well, there was always an insuperable objection to that. One couldn't be present to enjoy the general dismay.

During these moments of despair (they occurred whenever Lang smilingly made some new "suggestion") Jimmie had luxuriated in what he firmly believed was an undying hatred of the fellow who coolly manipulated his existence. Lang had quietly forced him out of a magnificent dormitory into a solitary, inexpensive room not unlike the tutor's own; Lang had made it impossible for him to evade paying a certain number of bills as regularly as his allowance arrived; Lang had compelled him to go to all his lectures and to study a little every day; Lang, aided and abetted by a doctor, had made him stop smoking cigarettes and had insisted on his boring himself daily in the gymnasium; Lang had tampered with his intimacies, or, to use the tutor's own words, had "saved him from his friends."

Lang, in short, had gradually imposed upon the boy a life that Jimmie at times felt was the most abysmal, the most intolerable that he could be living. And he had imposed it irresistibly. For the moment in which Jimmie could gather sufficient force to exclaim, "Do your worst—I don't care!" had come, and almost immediately gone. Jimmie did care. Lang's worst was something that he had been forced almost daily to contemplate, but something that, when it came to the point, he had shrunk from inviting. His situation was odious, he told himself; yet even when it had been most galling, Jimmie was never quite able to maintain for any length of time that the alternative was preferable. To Lang's placid tyranny he could see an end; but his father's horror and contempt would be limitless. So he had accepted and suffered.

But he suffered infinitely less than he thought he did. In fact, toward the end of the winter Jimmie now and then experienced much difficulty in rising to the proper heights of vindictive rage. There was still, apparently, every reason for pacing the floor invoking merciful death or imagining himself superintending some dire calamity (he could never decide upon its details) of which Lang was the pleading victim. But somehow the flaming luxuriance of his resentment seemed to be losing its vitality. The hatred that he had loved to cultivate and cherish and water with his tears was really struggling for existence. This of course Jimmie did not admit or perhaps even know, but he could not help realizing that life was becoming a calmer, easier affair as the year drew to a close. Often, when ordinary self-respect seemed to demand an old-time exhibition of devastating wrath, Jimmie simply did not have it in him to feel anything but a momentary impatience. More than once he found himself thinking of Lang and grinning. This state of affairs he attributed to the altogether entrancing fact that he had become a hopeless cynic.

In the first place, Jimmie was in excellent health. He had even begun to see the humor of his frequent plaint that the gymnasium work was injuring his delicate system. He detested the chestweight and dumb-bell exercises and the run afterward in the cold; but it took more self-restraint than he was capable of to ignore at times the physical and mental joyousness that these prosaic activities had it in their power to give. As Lang had made it impossible for him to squander his allowance or to borrow money, and as he could not share the diversions of his former associates without doing both these things, his days and nights had become immensely simplified. Day was invariably day, and night—night; a most monotonous arrangement, but one that had contributed inestimably to Jimmie's well being. Then the mere fact that his creditors had begun to be pacific and hopeful was soothing to his nerves and temper. Furthermore, his father had unaccountably taken to writing him letters that Jimmie now and then found himself reading with interest and pleasure. But of course the comparative tranquillity of it all, his ability to endure his lot with a smile, his occasional forgetfulness of the delirious moment when he would once more be his own master—were merely phases of a sad, sweet cynicism! His more personal attitude toward Lang he was given to accounting for in much the same way.

"Give it to me—it's mine, I tell you," Jimmie demanded

Jimmie saw a great deal of Lang. It was inevitable that the two should meet every morning for the purpose of study. The tutor conducted the lessons exactly as he always had, and after the first week his manner rarely betrayed the odd relation that he and young Thurston bore to each other; but beyond insisting on these interviews he showed no desire, for a long time, for more of Jimmie's society. Jimmie, however, was incapable of amusing himself. He had no resources and was pitiably dependent on people. But the fellows whose rooms Lang, he suspected, was willing to have him frequent were inclined at first to look at him somewhat askance. They knew of him far too well, and, personally, they did not know him well enough. He was desperately lonely; after exhausting his reserve fund of moodiness he had unconsciously turned in his loneliness to Lang.

He had begun by lingering to talk in Kicker's room after the lessons and had talked at first of the lessons themselves—not that he was interested in such topics, but because they made it possible for him to linger plausibly. Gradually, however, more congenial themes suggested themselves, and when Lang happened to be at leisure the two often sat and talked and laughed as they had the year before. But for these lapses Jimmie usually squared himself with himself by a sudden frigidness of manner just before he got up to go. Nevertheless, he frequently found it necessary to climb Lang's steep stairs in the middle of a long afternoon or evening, and when Kicker greeted him with, "I'm going for a walk—you'd better come along," he did not after a time refuse the invitation.

Yes, he was becoming indifferent—a fatalist, he liked to tell himself. Of course, at the last analysis, he hated Lang and always would, but the true dyed-in-the-wool cynic took life as he found it and masked his feelings—if he had any. This, Jimmie convinced himself, he was doing magnificently. Just one thing worried him deeply—to the extent in fact of often keeping him awake at night. It was not until he had compelled himself to inquire about Lang's sister that he was able to live quite up to his new philosophy.

"As long as you pay me regularly what you owe me, my sister will be provided for," Kicker had answered dryly.

When the spring vacation came Jimmie felt almost aggrieved that Lang spoke as a matter of course of his going home; he had been looking forward with melancholy pleasure to a week of martyrdom in Cambridge, like the one Lang had "suggested" at Christmas. But he went home and was enjoying himself as he never had before when a classmate at a dance—one of the fellows whom Kicker had wanted him to know—said to him with an obvious effort at finding a congenial topic: "How's your friend, Kicker Lang? I heard this morning that he had pneumonia."

IV

FOR a young man to whom nothing mattered one way or the other Jimmie's abrupt return to Cambridge the next morning after two days of vacation was a proceeding sufficiently inconsistent. But fortunately Jimmie did not undertake to investigate his motives for throwing some clothes into a dress-suit case and catching an early train. He had done it because it never for a moment occurred to him to do anything else; a simple and satisfactory point of view that inspired him to install himself in Lang's room (where he remained for a week), to prepare a vacant room in the same corridor for a nurse, to insist on a consultation of doctors, and in fact to behave altogether differently from the manner in which he had so often pictured himself behaving in the event of a similar misfortune. Lang had many acquaintances and a few good friends in college, but they had dispersed for the vacation. Even if they had been in town there would have been one—as there always is—to take charge, to assume responsibilities, to spend wakeful nights with ears strained to the ticking of a watch, the sputter of a shaded candle, the significant breathing of the sick; and Jimmie knew as he waited for dawn before the glowing coals in Kicker's grate that he would have been that one. He felt this, and as long as Kicker was in danger he liked to know that it was so. But when the crisis was past, the knowledge disturbed him. It was then that he did recognize the inconsistency of his position and squirm a little under the annoyed criticism of another self. He had leisure during the tutor's convalescence to remember that Lang had made him tread the straight and narrow way, and still had it in his power to do so. The memory could not easily be disassociated from the theoretical fact that Jimmie hated Lang and "always would." But that the fact had become hopelessly, irrevocably theoretical, Jimmie would not perhaps have formally acknowledged, had not something happened that necessitated on his part a most definite attitude.

One morning after Lang's recovery was assured it suddenly occurred to Jimmie to restore order to the mantelpiece, the window-seat and the desk in Kicker's room. The invalid, just before dropping into a doze, had remarked with a groan on the general confusion, and Jimmie, after waiting until he was sound asleep, began to tip-toe about, standing books on end, folding newspapers and hiding medicine bottles. On the window-seat, under a pile of books, was one of Lang's coats—no doubt the last one, Jimmie mused, that Kicker had worn. As he dragged it out by a sleeve, the inside pocket gaped and several letters slid to the floor. As Jimmie picked them up, he saw with a little thrill that one

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CALUMET "K"—A Romance of the Great Wheat Corner

By Merwin-Webster

Authors of The Short Line War

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"How'd it suit you to have all your laborers strike about now?"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—After weeks of costly delay, Bannon, foreman for MacBride & Company, of Minneapolis, has been sent to supersede Peterson and rush the work on Calumet K, an unfinished grain elevator in the outskirts of Chicago. Enormous loss can be prevented only by the completion of the elevator before January 1, for the chief aim in building it is to enable Page & Company to deliver the two million bushels of December wheat with which they are planning to break the threatened corner. The time is already short and the work has fallen far behind—partly through the incompetence of Peterson, and partly through the sympathy of the G. & M. Railroad officials, who, to help out the "bulls," held back a heavy shipment of lumber which was to be used in the construction of the elevator. The indefatigable Bannon has already brought order out of chaos. He has got enough lumber for immediate use by hauling it 'cross country to the lake whence it has been brought to the work by barge; he has laid bare the plot of the railroad men and secured cars for the remaining lumber; he has dealt diplomatically with Grady, the walking delegate who tried to engineer a strike, and has put on three shifts of men, so as to work twenty-four hours a day.

Trouble has been precipitated by a laborer named Reilly, who, apparently by accident, dropped a hammer from the top of the elevator into a group of workmen below. Bannon knocked him down, drew a revolver and discharged the man. Another laborer has been injured as a result of the breaking of a hoist. Relations with the walking delegate of the labor union are becoming more and more strained every day, and a strike seems imminent.

NINTH CHAPTER—*Continued*

THE new *régime* in operation at the elevator was more of a hardship to Peterson than to any one else because it compelled him to be much alone. Not only was he quite cut off from the society of Max and Hilda, but it happened that the two or three under-foremen whom he liked best were on the day shift. The night's work with none of those pleasant little momentary interruptions that used to occur in the daytime was mere unrelieved drudgery, but the afternoons, when he had given up trying to sleep any longer, were tedious enough to make him long for six o'clock.

Naturally his disposition was easy and generous, but he had never been in the habit of thinking much, and thinking, especially as it led to brooding, was not good for him. From the first, of course, he had been hurt that the Office should have thought it necessary to send Bannon to supersede him, but so long as he had plenty to do and was in Bannon's company every hour of the day, he had not taken time to think about it much. But now he thought of little else, and as time went on he succeeded in twisting nearly everything the new boss had said or done to fit his theory that Bannon was jealous of him and was trying to take from him the credit which rightfully belonged to him. And Bannon had put him in charge of the night shift, so Peterson came to think, simply because he had seen that Hilda was beginning to like him.

About four o'clock one afternoon, not many days after Grady's talk with Bannon, Peterson sat on the steps of his boarding-house, trying to make up his mind what to do, and wishing it were six o'clock. He wanted to stroll down to the job to have a chat with his friends, but he had somewhat childishly decided he wasn't wanted there while Miss Vogel was in the office, so he sat still and whittled, and took another review of his grievances. Glancing up, he saw Grady, the walking delegate, coming along the sidewalk. Now that the responsibility of the elevator was off his shoulders he no longer cherished any particular animosity toward the little Irishman, but he remembered their last encounter and wondered whether he should speak to him or not.

But Grady solved his doubt by calling out cheerfully to know how he was, and turning in toward the steps. "I suppose I ought to lick you after what's passed between us," he added with a broad smile, "but if you're willing, we'll call it bygones."

"Sure," said Peterson.

"It's fine unseasonable weather we're having, and just the thing for you on the elevator. It's coming right along."

"First rate."

"It's as interesting a bit of work as I ever saw. I was there the other day looking at it. And, by the way, I had a long talk with Mr. Bannon. He's a fine man."

Grady had seated himself on the step below Peterson. Now for the first time he looked at him.

"He's a good hustler," said Peterson.

"Well, that's what passes for a fine man, these days, though mistakes are sometimes made that way. But how does it happen that you aren't down there superintending? I hope some carpenter hasn't taken it into his head to fire the boss."

"I'm not boss there any longer. The Office sent Bannon down to take it over my head."

"You don't tell me that? It's a pity." Grady was shaking his head solemnly. "It's a pity. The men like you first rate, Mr. Peterson. I'm not saying they don't like anybody else, but they like you. But people in an office a thousand miles away can't know everything, and that's a fact. And so he laid you off?"

"Oh, no, I ain't quite laid off—yet. He's put me in charge of the night shift."

"So, you're working nights then. It seemed to me you was working fast enough in the daytime to satisfy anybody. But I suppose some rich man is in a hurry for it and you must do your best to accommodate him."

"You bet he's in a hurry for it. He won't listen to reason at all. Says the bins have got to be chock-full of grain before January first, no matter what happens to us. He don't care how much it costs, either."

"I must be going along," said Grady, getting to his feet. "That man must be in a hurry. January first! That's quick work, and he don't care what it costs him. Oh, these rich fellows! They're hustlers, too, Mr. Peterson. Well, good-night to you."

Peterson saw Bannon twice every day; for a half hour at night when he took charge of the job, and for another half hour in the morning when he relinquished it. That was all except when they chanced to meet during Bannon's irregular nightly wanderings about the elevator. As the days had gone by these conversations had been confined more and more rigidly to necessary business, and though this result was Peterson's own bringing about, still he charged it up as another of his grievances against Bannon.

When, about an hour after his conversation with Grady, he started down to the elevator to take command, he knew he ought to tell Bannon of his conversation with Grady, and he fully intended doing so. But his determination oozed away as he neared the office, and when he finally saw Bannon he decided to say nothing about it whatever. He decided thus partly because he wished to make his conversation with Bannon as short as possible, partly because he had not made up his mind what significance, if any, the incident had, and (more than either of these reasons) because ever since Grady had repeated the phrase, "He don't care what it costs him," Peterson had been uneasily aware that he had talked too much.

TENTH CHAPTER

GRADY'S affairs were prospering beyond his expectations, confident though he had been. Away back in the summer, when the work was in its early stages, his eye had been upon it; he had bided his time in the somewhat indefinite hope that something would turn up. But he went away jubilant from his conversation with Peterson, for it seemed that all the cards were in his hands.

Just as a man running for a car is the safest mark for a gamin's snowball, so Calumet K, through being a rush job as well as a rich one, offered a particularly advantageous field for Grady's endeavors. Men who were trying to accomplish the impossible feat of completing, at any cost, the great hulk on the river front before the first of January would not be likely to stop to quibble at paying the five thousand dollars or so that Grady, who, as the business agent of his union, was simply in masquerade, would like to extort.

He had heard that Peterson was somewhat disaffected to Bannon's authority, but had not expected him to make so frank an avowal of it. That was almost as much in his favor as the necessity for hurry. These, with the hoist accident to give a color of respectability to the operation, ought to make it simple enough. He had wit enough to see that Bannon was a much harder man to handle than Peterson, and that with Peterson restored to full authority the only element of uncertainty would be removed. And he thought that if he could get Peterson to help him it might be possible to secure Bannon's recall. If the scheme failed he had still another shot in his locker, but this one was worth a trial anyway.

One afternoon in the next week he went around to Peterson's boarding-house and sent up his card with as much ceremony as though the night boss had been a railway president.

"I hope you can spare me half an hour, Mr. Peterson. There's a little matter of business I'd like to talk over with you."

The word affected Peterson unpleasantly. That was a little further than he could go without a qualm. "Sure," he said uneasily, looking at his watch.

"I don't know as I should call it business, either," Grady went on. "When you come right down to it, it's a matter of friendship, for surely it's no business of mine. Maybe you think it's queer—I think it's queer myself—that I should be coming 'round tendering my friendly services to a man who's had his hands on my throat threatening my life. That ain't my way, but somehow I like you, Mr. Peterson, and there's an end of it. When I like a man, I like him. How's the elevator? Everything going to please you?"

"I guess it's going all right. It ain't——" Pete hesitated and then gave up the broken sentence. "It's all right," he repeated.

Grady smiled. "There's the good soldier. Won't talk against his general. But, Mr. Peterson, let me ask you a question; answer me as a man of sense. Which makes the best general—the man who leads the charge straight up to the intrenchments yellin', 'Come on boys!' or the one who says, very likely shaking a revolver in their faces, 'Get in there, ye low-down privates, and take that fort and report to me when I've finished my breakfast?' Which one of those two men will the soldiers do the most for? For the one they like best, Mr. Peterson, and don't forget it. And which one of these are they going to like best, do you suppose—the brave leader who scorns to ask his men to go where he won't go himself, who isn't ashamed to do honest work with his honest hands, whose fists are good enough to defend him against his enemies; or the man who is afraid to go out among the men without a revolver in his hip-pocket? Answer me as a man of sense, Mr. Peterson."

Peterson was manifestly disturbed by the last part of the harangue. Now he said: "Oh, I guess Bannon wasn't scared when he drawed that gun on Reilly. He ain't that kind."

"Would *you* draw a gun on an unarmed, defenseless man?" Grady asked earnestly.

"No, I wouldn't. I don't like that way of doing."

"The men don't like it either, Mr. Peterson. No more than you do. They like you. They'll do anything you ask them to. They know that you can do anything that they can. But, Mr. Peterson, I'll be frank with you. They don't like the man who crowded you out. That's putting it mild. I won't say they hate him for an uncivil, hard-tongued, sneaking weasel of a spy——"

"I never knew Bannon to do anything like that," said Peterson slowly.

"I did. Didn't he come sneaking up and hear what I was saying—up on top of the elevator the other day. I guess he won't try that again. I told him that when I was ready to talk to *him*, I'd come down to the office to do it."

Grady was going almost too far; Pete would not stand very much more; already he was trying to get on his feet to put an end to the conversation. "I ask your pardon, Mr. Peterson. I forgot he was a friend of yours. But the point is right here. The men don't like him. They've been wanting to strike these three days, just because they don't want to work for that ruffian. I soothed them all I can, but they won't hold in much longer. Mark my words, there'll be a strike on your hands before the week's out unless you do something pretty soon."

"What have they got to strike about? Don't we treat them all right? What do they kick about?"

"A good many things, big and little. But the real reason is the one I've been giving you—Bannon. Neither more nor less."

"Do you mean they'd be all right if another man was in charge?"

Grady could not be sure from Peterson's expression whether the ice were firm enough to step out boldly upon, or not. He tested it cautiously.

"Mr. Peterson, I know you're a good man. I know you're a generous man. I know you wouldn't want to crowd Bannon out of his shoes the way he crowded you out of yours; not even after the way he's treated you. But look here, Mr. Peterson. Who's your duty to? The men up in Minneapolis who pay your salary, or the man who has come down here and is giving orders over your head?

"—No, just let me finish, Mr. Peterson. I know what you're going to say. But do your employers want to get the job done by New Year's? They do. Do they pay you to help get it done? They do. Will it be done if that would-be murderer of a Bannon is allowed to stay here? It will not, you can bet on that. Then it's your duty to get him out of here, and I'm going to help you do it."

Grady was on his feet when he declaimed the last sentence. He flung out his hand toward Pete. "Shake on it!" he cried.

Peterson had also got to his feet, but more slowly. He did not take the hand. "I'm much obliged, Mr. Grady," he said. "It's very kind in you. If that's so as you say, I suppose he'll have to go. And he'll go all right without any shoving when he sees that it is so. You go and tell what you've told me to Charlie Bannon. He's boss on this job."

Grady would have fared better with a man of quicker intelligence. Peterson was so slow at catching the blackmailer's drift that he spoke in perfectly good faith when he

made the suggestion that he tell Bannon, and Grady went away a good deal perplexed as to the best course to pursue—whether to go directly to Bannon or to try Peterson again.

As for Peterson, four or five times during his half hour talk with Bannon at the office that evening he braced himself to tell the boss what Grady had said, but it was not till just as Bannon was going home that it finally came out. "Have you seen Grady lately?" Pete asked as calmly as he could.

"He was around something more than a week ago; gave me a little bomb-throwers' anniversary oratory about oppressors and a watchful eye. There's no use paying any attention to him yet. He thinks he's got some trouble cooking for us on the stove, but we'll have to wait till he turns it into the dish. He ain't as dangerous as he thinks he is."

"He's been around to see me lately—twice."

"He has! What did he want with you? When was it he came?"

"The first time about a week ago. That was nothing but a little friendly talk, but——"

"Friendly! Him! What did he have to say?"

"Why, it was nothing. I don't remember. He wanted to know if I was laid off, and I told him I was on the night shift."

"Was that all?"

"Pretty near. He wanted to know what we was in such a hurry about, working nights, and I said we had to be through by January first. Then he said he supposed it must be for some rich man who didn't care how much it cost him; and I said yes, it was. That was all. He didn't mean nothing. We was just passing the time of day. I don't see any harm in that."

Bannon was leaning on the rail, his face away from Peterson. After a while he spoke thoughtfully. "Well, that cinches it. I guess he meant to hold us up, anyway, but now he knows we're a good thing."

"How's that? I don't see," said Peterson; but Bannon made no reply.

"What did he have to offer the next time he came around? More in the same friendly way? When was it?"

"Just this afternoon. Why, he said he was afraid we'd have a strike on our hands."

"He ought to know," said Bannon. "Did he give any reason?"

"Yes, he did. You won't mind my speaking it right out, I guess. He said the men didn't like you, and if you wasn't recalled they'd likely strike. He said they'd work under me if you was recalled, but he didn't think he could keep 'em from going out if you stayed. That ain't what I think, mind you; I'm just telling you what he said. Then he kind of insinuated that I ought to do something about it myself. That made me tired and I told him to come to you about it. I said you was the boss here now, and I was only the foreman of the night shift."

Until that last sentence Bannon had been only half listening. He made no sign, indeed, of having heard anything, but stood hacking at the pine railing with his pocket-knife. He was silent so long that at last Peterson arose to go. Bannon shut his knife and wheeled around to face him.

"Hold on, Pete," he said. "We'd better talk this business out right here."

"Talk what out?"

"Oh, I guess you know. Why don't we pull together better? What is it you're sore about?"

"Nothing. You don't need to worry about it."

"Look here, Pete. You've known me a good many years. Do you think I'm square?"

"I never said you wasn't square."

"You might have given me the benefit of the doubt, anyway. I know you didn't like my coming down here to take charge. Do you suppose I did? You were unlucky, and a man working for MacBride can't afford to be unlucky; so he told me to come and finish the job. And once I was down here he held me responsible for getting it done. I've got to go ahead just the best I can. I thought you saw that at first and that we'd get on all right together, but lately it's been different."

"I thought I'd been working hard enough to satisfy anybody."

"It ain't that, and you know it ain't. It's just the spirit of the thing. Now, I don't ask you to tell me why it is you feel this way. If you want to talk it out now, all right. If you don't, all right again. But if you ever think I'm not using you right, come to me and say so. Just look at what we've got to do here, Pete, before the first of January. Sometimes I think we can do it and sometimes I think we can't, but we've got to, anyway. If we don't, MacBride will just make up his mind we're no good. And unless we pull together, we're stuck for sure. It ain't a matter of work entirely. I want to feel that I've got you with me. Come around in the afternoon if you happen to be awake and fuss around and tell me what I'm doing wrong. I want to consult you about a good many things in the course of a day."

Pete's face was simply a lens through which one could see the feelings at work beneath, and Bannon knew that he had struck the right chord at last. "How is it? Does that go?"

"Sure," said Pete. "I never knew you wanted to consult me about anything, or I'd have been around before."

Friday afternoon Bannon received a note from Grady saying that if he had any regard for his own interests or for those of his employers, he would do well to meet the writer at ten o'clock Sunday morning at a certain downtown hotel. It closed with a postscript containing the disinterested suggestion that delays were dangerous, and a hint that the writer's time was valuable and he wished to be informed whether the appointment would be kept or not.

Bannon ignored the note, and all day Monday expected Grady's appearance at the office. He did not come, but when Bannon reached his boarding-house about eight o'clock that evening he found Grady pacing up and down his room waiting for him.

"I can't talk on an empty stomach," said the boss cheerfully, as he was washing up. "Just wait till I can get some supper."

"I'll wait," said Grady grimly.

When Bannon came back to talk he took off his coat and sat down astride a chair. "Well, Mr. Grady, when you came here before you said it was to warn me, but the next time you came you were going to begin to act. I'm all ready."

"All right," said Grady with a vicious grin. "Be as smart as you like. I'll be paid well for every word of it and for every minute you've kept me waiting yesterday and tonight. That was the most expensive supper you ever ate. I thought you had sense enough to come, Mr. Bannon. That's why I wasted a stamp on you. You've made the biggest mistake of your life——"

During the speech Bannon had sat like a man hesitating between two courses of action. At this point he interrupted suddenly:

"Let's get to business, Mr. Grady."

"I'll get to it fast enough. And when I do you'll see if you can safely insult the representative of the mighty power of the honest workingman of this vast land."

"Well?"

"I hear you folks are in a hurry, Mr. Bannon?"

"Yes."

"And that you'll spend anything it costs to get through on time. How'd it suit you to have all your laborers strike about now—every mother's son of 'em? Don't that idea make you sick?"

"Pretty near."

"Well, they will strike inside two days."

"What for? Suppose we settle with them direct."

"Just try that," said Grady with withering sarcasm. "Just try that and see how it works."

"I don't want to. I only wanted to hear you confess that you are a rascal."

"You'll pay dear for giving me that name. But we'll come to that later. Do you think it would be worth something to the men who hire you for a dirty slave-driver to be protected against a strike? Wouldn't they be willing to pay a round sum to get this work done on time? Take a minute to think about it. Be careful how you tell me they wouldn't. You're not liked here, Mr. Bannon, by anybody——"

"You're threatening to have me recalled according to your suggestions to Mr. Peterson the other night. Well, that's all right if you can do it. But I think that sooner than recall me or have a strike they would be willing to pay for protection."

"You do? I didn't look for that much sense in you. If you'd shown it sooner it might have saved your employers a large wad of bills. If you'd taken the trouble to be decent when I went to you in a friendly way a very little would have been enough. But now I've got to be paid. What do you say to five thousand as a fair sum?"

"They'd be willing to pay fully that to save delay," said Bannon cheerfully.

"They would!" To save his life Grady could not help looking crestfallen. It seemed then that he might have got fifty.

"All right," he went on, "five thousand it is; and I want it in hundred-dollar bills."

"You do!" cried Bannon, jumping to his feet. "Do you think you're going to get a cent of it? I might pay blackmail to an honest rascal who delivered the goods paid for. But I had your size the first time you came around. Don't you think I knew what you wanted? If I'd thought you were worth buying, I'd have settled it up for three hundred dollars and a box of cigars right at the start. That's about your market price. But as long as I knew you'd sell us out again if you could, I didn't think you were even worth the cigars. No; don't tell what you're going to do. Go out and do it if you can. And get out of here."

For the second time Bannon took the little delegate by the arm. He marched him to the head of the long, straight flight of stairs. Then he hesitated a moment. "I wish you were three sizes larger," he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Florida Night By Paul Laurence Dunbar

Win' a-blowin' gentle so de san' lay low,
  San' a little heavy f'om de rain,
All de pa'ms a-wavin' an' a-weavin' slow,
  Sighin' lak a sinnah-soul in pain.
Alligator grinnin' by de ol' lagoon,
Mockin'-bird a-singin' to de big full moon,
'Skeeter go a-skimmin' to his fightin' chune
  (Lizy Ann's a-waitin' in de lane!).

Moccasin a-sleepin' in de cyprus swamp;
  Needn't wake de gent'man, not fu' me.
Mule, you needn't wake him w'en you switch an' stomp,
  Fightin' off a 'skeeter er a flea.
Florida is lovely, she's de fines' lan'
Evah seed de sunlight f'om de Mastah's han',
'Ceptin' fu' de varmints an' huh fleas an' san'
  An' de nights w'en Lizy Ann ain' free.

Moon's a-kinder shaddered on de melon patch;
  No one ain't a-watchin' ez I go.
Climbin' of de fence so's not to click de latch
  Meks my gittin' in a little slow.
Watermelon smilin' as it say, "I's free:"
Alligator boomin', but I let him be.
Florida, oh, Florida's de lan' fu' me—
  (Lizy Ann a-singin' sweet an' low).

The Man Who Can't Go to College

By Bird S. Coler, Comptroller of the City of New York

THE young man who can't go to college need not lie awake nights worrying, especially if he is going in for a business career. Instead of being handicapped by the absence of a university training, he will find that the handicap is with the other man. The college graduate has five or six years to make up when he finally goes to work. To overcome this drawback requires an extraordinary mental equipment, and few men in this world are extraordinary. In the higher professions, undoubtedly, a college education is a great help, though even here it is not absolutely essential to success. This fact is proven by the careers of some of our greatest lawyers, notably that of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln's life shows conclusively that a thorough knowledge of human nature is more important in any walk of life than a knowledge of higher mathematics; that lack of education in the higher branches of learning does not dwarf the imagination or the power of expression. One of the noblest of orations, an oration that has already taken rank as a classic, was delivered by Lincoln at Gettysburg. In purity of language, in grandeur of tone and sentiment, it is a model that will be treasured for all time; yet Lincoln got his education not in any college, but in the hard school of life that has developed so many of our greatest men.

But, setting aside Lincoln's example, and conceding that the doctor and the lawyer and the literary man and all those others who follow a profession are helped by collegiate training, it is true, undoubtedly, that the young man who chooses a business career, and who has his own way to make, takes on a large extra load if he insists upon devoting five or six years of the most active period of his life to the acquisition of theoretical knowledge, much of which he must unlearn when he goes out into the practical world.

The Verdicts of Carnegie and Grant Allen

"A college education unfits, rather than fits, men for affairs." This is Andrew Carnegie's verdict, and I know no man whose judgment is entitled to greater consideration. With his sixty odd years of active life behind him, Mr. Carnegie has nothing to regret in that the so-called "advantages" of a college training were denied him. If he had it all to do over again, he has told us, he would prefer the broad college of human endeavor to the learned university as a preparatory course for the serious business of existence. As a true friend of young men, Mr. Carnegie is devoting his wealth to the establishment, not of colleges and universities, but to the founding of libraries, which are the real, practical "colleges" where every young man who is worthy may absorb all the book knowledge that he wants at the same time that he is making for himself a place in the world. True, Mr. Carnegie, according to the newspapers, has offered ten million dollars for the aid of poor students at the Scottish universities, but this action is by no means to be taken as affecting at all his well-known convictions on the impractical character of "higher education" as an aid to men who want to succeed in American business life. The conditions in Scotland are peculiar, entirely different from what they are in America. There the scholar is still the great man; the tremendous rewards in industrial pursuits as we have them here are unknown.

Carlyle described the situation when he declared that "The college is only a key to the library."

Surely no young man who is dependent upon his own efforts can afford to devote five or six years to the fashioning of this key. He is made of poor stuff if he cannot file his key as he goes, in the meantime doing his full duty to himself and to the world by taking part in its practical, busy, workaday life.

It is a serious problem whether or not even the rich man's son is benefited by taking a college course. Mr. Grant Allen declared long ago:

"In my opinion, a father who has sons and daughters of the proper age to go to college, will do better by his children, and not less economically for himself, if he sends them for two years to travel in Europe, than if he sends them for three years to an American or English university."

The Chances for a Poor Man's Son

After all, however, it doesn't make much difference to the ordinary person whether a rich man's son is benefited or the reverse. The serious problem is what is best for the poor young man. Supposing that the boy of sixteen or seventeen who has his own way to make, manages, by making all sorts of sacrifices and having his people make all sorts of sacrifices, to work his way through college. What does he find when he goes out into the world? He is twenty-two or twenty-three when he enters business. There he rubs elbows with the common-school man, who, at the same age, has been in harness for a long period. In business, unless there are exceptional circumstances, all beginners must start at the bottom.

In the narrow world in which he has moved up to the time that he comes in contact with real life the college graduate has been a person of some importance; he has learned to look upon himself as gifted far beyond the fellows of his own age who have been reared outside the college walls. Now, however, he comes face to face with the realization that he is not so gifted; that much of his time at college has been wasted in acquiring useless learning; that the dead languages which he has taken so much pains to acquire are not of the slightest help to him in buying and selling, or in the making of commonplace records in the commonplace books with which he may be intrusted. He finds that the young fellow at his side, who doesn't know a Greek root from a tulip bulb, is relied on for the real practical business in hand.

Mr. Elisha Benjamin Andrews, formerly President of Brown University, who has been an educator all his life, has told us of the little value that the college education of to-day has in fitting young men for the outside world.

The Opinion of a Great Educator

"Young people," he declares, "end their studies with flabby minds unable to analyze keenly or to generalize truthfully or far. This comes out clearly when they undertake to write. The bad quality of the written work done by fresh college graduates is notorious, not to mention commencement orations and theses, usually the most arid and awkward compositions imaginable. Young doctors of philosophy, brilliant specialists in their chosen lines, not seldom compose altogether wretchedly. Wry grammar and a shocking choice of words are not their worst faults. It is the higher traits of rhetoric which suffer most. The report, newspaper article, essay, treatise, or whatever the writing is, lacks unity, continuity and progress. The discussion is begun with points that ought to come later; arguments, if any, are not arrayed, but hopelessly fumbled. The author says what he does not mean, often contradicts himself, and not seldom without giving the reader any clear idea of the view which he would like to present. These are the results of general mental confusion. The department of rhetoric is never wholly, and hardly ever mainly, responsible for them. The trouble is that the whole mental training has been defective. . . . These ill features of college education are closely connected with those classical studies which, in most of our colleges, still remain the centre and pivot of the curriculum. . . . The antiquarian and the devotee of the science and history of religion may have some use for a book like Ovid's Metamorphoses, but the majority of us have none; on the contrary, we suffer net loss by every moment we devote to such reading."

This is strong language, but it is more than warranted by the experience of those who have come in contact with college graduates in the affairs of the day. The college man has almost no existence in politics because of the priggish tendencies that are bred in him at our advanced institutions of learning, great and small. He finds it impossible to look at things from the standpoint of the ordinary citizen who has had no college career, and he brings with him into the political arena, when he enters there, a patronizing air that offends every self-respecting workingman. Of course, there are exceptions; but they are exceptions. I have seen many cases where college men with plenty of influence behind them have been given unlimited opportunities in practical politics, and with few exceptions they have proven lamentable failures. They were not equipped with that commonsense and that understanding of the common things and of the common people that are absolutely essential to a place at the front in public life.

The Handicaps of a Course at College

Until the colleges recognize the handicap which they place on their graduates under the present system of education, no young man is seriously injured in his prospects who is denied a college course. Practically nothing is taught there of self-reliance: the young graduate leaves his Alma Mater believing that he may lean with absolute confidence on his diploma. It does not take him long to find that his support is a broken reed. The pinch comes as soon as he is started in business in competition with bright, clever, earnest young men of his own age who have not the artificial polish of a collegiate course, but the practical, stirring, vigorous experience of actual business life. Then it requires stern stuff on the part of the graduate to accept the situation and buckle down. It is not until the conceit bred by his environment is pretty well knocked out of him that he develops the instincts necessary for his success.

Education is an excellent thing, undoubtedly. But let it be a practical education. Collis P. Huntington, a man of remarkable experience and wonderful success, in discussing this point, hit the nail on the head when he said:

"Too many young men are educated to do the things that they are not fitted to do. Boys should be taught to use the tools that they are most likely to need in their life work in order to support themselves and those who will be dependent upon them for their living and largely for their happiness. This is an age of specialties, and those who confine themselves to one kind of work, and become as nearly perfect in their particular line as it is possible for a man to become, are the ones who will succeed best. Real happiness is based upon success in something, and as a man rises in intelligence and knowledge he feels more and more acutely the misery of failure. How important, then, is it in the scheme of life, which is intensely practical in these days of competition, that in getting knowledge (and by 'knowledge' I do not mean the education of the schools alone) a boy should gather it, not simply for the enlarged view it gives him, but for its adaptation to the needs of his future life and work. I am for the highest possible education for every one in the line of work he is doing, but I am not in favor of an indiscriminate education for every one. I have seen, and see daily, instances of distress and suffering and disappointment that I am certain could have been avoided had the start been made right."

That is the point. Let the start be made right. Don't waste your time chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of "higher education." Get what you can out of the common school. Go to high school if your circumstances permit. Then get to work. Work early and work late. Make a place for yourself in the active affairs of life. Don't be deluded by the false ideals reared by men who preach of the broadening influence of the university. This influence is not nearly so broadening as the influence of a true, honest life followed along practical lines. All the culture and all the breadth that lie within the four walls of a university lie also on the shelves of our public libraries. There they may be had for the taking by the ambitious youth.

The Value of a Money-Making Mind

It has become extremely fashionable to sneer at mere money-making. This man and that is pointed out as a rich man but a man of no brains; by brains being meant, apparently, the ability to string words together, to turn well-rounded periods, to use Latin catch phrases, to recite passages from the Greek poets, and so on.

As a matter of fact, it requires a very much higher order of brains to forge to the front and to stay there in the financial or commercial or political world than it does to absorb cut and dried knowledge out of textbooks. As the world is constituted to-day there is nothing more essential to true happiness than success; and success is not to be measured by what a man knows of ancient history. It is to be measured rather by the position that he occupies in the direction of affairs, by his place in the world of action. To be really and thoroughly happy a man to-day must have money. No matter what may have been true in times past, in the twentieth century money stands as the great monument of human achievement. That is, money honestly come by, money that is the visible token of hard, consistent effort, of brain power intelligently applied. Any boy who is worth while, who has in him the right stuff, wants to get to the top. The other kind is not worth considering.

Examples of Notable Success

Andrew Carnegie worked as a telegraph messenger boy in Pittsburg and rose to be the "Iron Master of the World." Patron of the arts, benefactor to the people of two continents, with monuments in the form of great libraries to perpetuate his fame in many cities; student of finance and economics; writer on subjects of the broadest learning: all the educational advantages he can boast of, except his earliest schooling, were in the great college of human experience.

That blunt, strong character, Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, who left in the New York Central Railroad a most enduring evidence of his mastery of the problem of success, knew the principles of business, but not the mysteries of Greek or Latin.

Mr. H. H. Vreeland, who, in ten years, rose from car man to the presidency of the Metropolitan Railway system of New York, with a salary of $100,000, has not found the lack of a collegiate education any bar to success.

Neither did A. T. Stewart, who came to New York from the North of Ireland and became the merchant prince of the world.

Of the thirty brilliant young men who make up the Carnegie Steel Company there are not over two or three who are college graduates.

The late Roswell P. Flower, Governor of New York State, multi-millionaire and man of affairs, had no other education than the little he picked up as a boy, and the knowledge and learning that came when he entered the whirl of life and battled his way to the front as a leader in finance.

The list might be lengthened out indefinitely, but these few examples of notably successful men will suffice to make it clear that a man without a "higher education" has a mighty good chance in the community.

The Nation's Highest Tribunal By G. M. Jacobs

OF THE thousands who, at each inauguration, witness the Chief Justice of the United States administering to the President-elect the oath of office, few realize that the spectacle is more than a mere ceremonial. This custom, which had its inception at the second inauguration of Washington, is a tacit recognition of the fact that the judiciary is the greatest of the three coördinate branches of the Government, and that over the executive and legislative branches it possesses and exercises a veto power. This prerogative makes the Supreme Court of the United States an institution without parallel in the history of nations, as well as the most powerful and majestic tribunal in the world.

The present members of the Supreme Court owe their preferment chiefly to their reputation as expounders of the law: as politicians and office-holders they have scarcely any history. The earlier Justices were nearly all men of pronounced political opinions and affiliations.

The Room in Which the Court Meets

The Supreme Court occupies the room in which, previous to January 4, 1859, the Senate met. It would be difficult to imagine a quieter place than this chamber has been since, in December, 1860, it became the nation's great Hall of Justice. It is seventy-five feet long, forty-five feet wide, and semi-circular in form. It is forty-five feet high, and its ceiling is a half-dome, through the windows of which falls a subdued light.

The "bench" consists of a gallery, on the east side of the apartment. It is furnished with nine large chairs, heavily upholstered in brown leather. Above it is a smaller gallery, the only one preserved after the removal of the Senate. It is supported by pillars of dark, variegated Potomac marble, with Ionic capitals. Between the pillars are curtains of heavy crimson plush.

A large portion of the floor, in front of the bench, is filled with chairs and desks reserved for members of the legal profession, who, by an unwritten but firmly established rule, must be attired in black when they appear before the bar of the Court. The conventional habit for lawyers of the gentler sex has not yet been prescribed, because, of the twenty-one women who have been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court, not one has ever argued a case before it.

How Sessions of the Court are Opened

The Court is in session annually from the beginning of October till the end of June. At noon, when it convenes, two ropes covered with crimson velvet are stretched across the main corridor of the Capitol, between the consulting-room and the court-room. This effectually blocks the passage from the Senate to the House of Representatives, and the President himself, should he be there, would be detained by these crimson barriers. A rustle of silk is heard, and nine stately men, the Chief Justice at the head of the procession and the Associates in the order of their appointment, all clad in black gowns with wide sleeves, march in single file across the corridor, through the lobby of the court-room, to their places on the bench. As they enter the crier announces: "The Honorable the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States." The Justices stand before their chairs, bow to the bar, and the lawyers and spectators, standing, return the salute. The crier continues: "Oyez, oyez, oyez! All persons having business before the Honorable the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now sitting. God save the United States and this Honorable Court."

Soon after the Supreme Court came into being the question of a judicial garb was raised. Hamilton, Burr and Jefferson took part in the discussion. The English wig was rejected and the gown adopted. That of the first Chief Justice was, in pattern, similar to those worn to-day, with the exception of decorative bands, vermilion in hue. The voluminous robes worn by the Justices when on the bench are of black silk, reaching to their feet. This simple attire, though unostentatious, is impressive, and adds to the naturally dignified appearance of the nine men who have in their keeping the rights and the fortunes of 77,000,000 people.

The Justices have a life tenure of office. They are appointed by the joint action of the President and the Senate. They cannot be removed except by formal trial before the Senate. In age they can neither be retired nor can their salaries be reduced, though, by an existing statute, they may retire voluntarily with full salary—$10,000—upon reaching the age of seventy years. The Chief Justice, whose special duty is to preside when court is in session, and to assign to his Associates the cases in which they are to write opinions, receives $10,500. In accepting his present position, Chief Justice Fuller relinquished a practice worth almost four times his annual salary.

The seat on the right of the Chief Justice, which, by long-established precedent, is that of the Associate Justice who has been longest on the bench, is occupied at present by the Hon. John Marshall Harlan, of Kentucky, appointed in 1877. Immediately on the left of the Chief Justice sits the Associate next in seniority of service—the Hon. Horace Gray, of Massachusetts. Mr. Justice Gray, who was appointed in 1881, is the giant of the Court, measuring six feet four inches in his stockings. Mr. Justice Harlan is almost as tall, and both are proportionately well built. The Chief Justice, who is the smallest man on the bench, appears diminutive when standing between them. The other Associates on the left of the Chief Justice are Justices Brewer, Shiras and Peckham; on the right, Justices Brown, White and McKenna.

The Arduous Duties of the Nine Justices

That these men have not reached their exalted positions at a single bound, and that they pay, unceasingly, a high price for their prestige, is evident to the most casual observer. Few men work harder, or for longer hours, than the Justices of the Supreme Court. Every litigant, however humble, can be certain that, though years may elapse before his case comes to trial, he will have upon it the opinion of every one of the Justices. Every Saturday night the Chief Justice sends his messenger to the homes of his Associates to deliver sealed envelopes containing the cases in which each is to write opinions. Each, after hearing the arguments, studies the cases individually, and on conference day all join in discussing them.

The duties and responsibilities which constitute these men a "court of last resort" make them known, officially, to the entire country. Their tastes and personal qualities are to a much smaller degree the property of the public; for, contrary to republican usage in general, the dignity that hedges the Justices officially operates also as a barrier to their households. Though the Executive Mansion, the Cabinet residences and the homes and boarding-places of the Senators and Representatives are all, on some occasions, accessible to the public, the doors of the Supreme Court circle, in common with those of the Diplomatic Corps, rarely swing open to either the socially ambitious or the mildly curious.

Without exception the Justices are profound students, and several of them are well known to be fonder of the heroes of history and literature than of the men of to-day. They have little time for recreation, and still less for leisure. The Chief Justice finds his highest pleasure in his own home, surrounded by his children and grandchildren.

The Homes of the Members of the Court

The Fuller residence, at the northwest corner of Eighteenth and F Streets—a neighborhood no longer fashionable—is a square red-brick mansion, four stories in height. It was purchased and completed, fully seventy years ago, by a member of the Carroll family of Maryland. It was thoroughly repaired and slightly modernized when the Chief Justice became its owner, about six years ago. It has a large, old-fashioned garden, which in summer is filled with roses and syringas.

Mr. Justice Harlan's mansion crowns a lofty walled terrace in the new portion of the city known as Columbia Heights. It is a roomy brick mansion, with round and square towers, and occupies a spacious inclosure which is reached by a flight of steps.

Mr. Justice Gray, who married a daughter of the late Associate Justice Matthews, occupies a brick mansion at the northwest corner of Sixteenth and I Streets. Though of quite recent construction, it is a splendid copy of the century-old style of architecture, with a depth, breadth, height and solidity that typify its owner.

The home of Mr. Justice Brown, No. 1720 Sixteenth Street, is one of the most superb residences erected in Washington during the last decade. It is of red brick and brown stone, four stories in height, with ample lawn space. It is an exact reproduction of the owner's former home in Detroit. Mr. Justice Brown has large wealth; and, being of a more social nature than most of his colleagues, entertains more than any other member of the court.

Mr. Justice Brewer and the one remaining daughter of his household have a charming home in Massachusetts Avenue, near Thomas Circle, and the palatial residence of Justice and Mrs. Shiras, in the same thoroughfare, overlooks Scott Circle. Justice White's large, solidly plain mansion and the small but ornate abode of Justice McKenna are in Rhode Island Avenue; in the same block with the house presented to Admiral Dewey. Just around the corner, bordering the diplomatic quarter, is the lofty, unadorned buff-brick residence of Justice and Mrs. Peckham.

The ages of the Justices average sixty-five years. The oldest, Justice Gray, is seventy-three, and Justice White, the youngest, fifty-five. They are all regular and devoted attendants at church.

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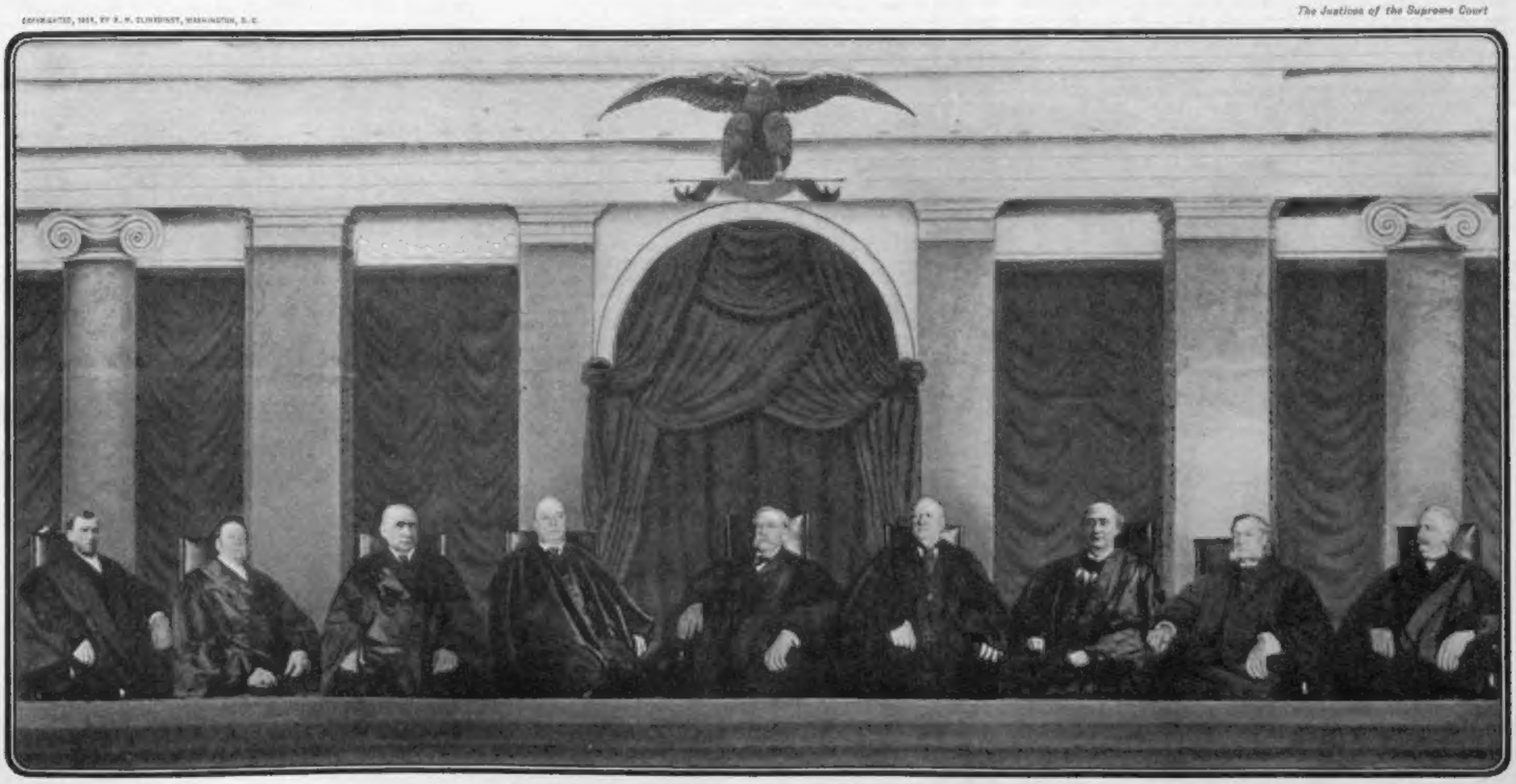
The Justices of the Supreme Court



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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The magazine will be made better from week to week, with frequent double numbers—in short, neither brains nor money will be spared in any department during the coming year. For ONE DOLLAR you will receive more in variety, quantity and quality than you can obtain by subscribing for any other periodical or combination of periodicals, costing you three or four times as much.

THE great trust question now is: Will the common stock ever pay dividends?

IN THESE days the wise Western farmer advises his son to go East and grow up with the trusts.

THE discovery of oil in Texas seems to have materially modified the views of certain Texas statesmen on the oil octopus.

OF THE one hundred most popular books of the century up to the present time the check-book is one and the pocketbook is the other ninety-nine.

SOME Americans may turn up their trousers when it is raining in London, but no American has become so thoroughly Anglicized that he will laugh at an English joke.

A GOOD bishop says golf is a silly game, and another eminent philosopher finds only pride and extravagance in an international yacht race. A golf player scouts the idea of sitting for hours on a hard bench at a camp-meeting when he might be taking exercise and knocking a ball, and Sir Thomas Lipton doesn't care especially for books of philosophy. Verily it takes different sorts to make a world.

IT MAY be ungracious to criticise the poetry written for great occasions, such as the opening of expositions and the launchings of ships, or even the ending of wars, but it is surely to be hoped that American verse is not to be judged by these performances. There have been several of them this year, and the only reason that they will not make the judicious grieve is that the judicious will not read them.

IT IS amusing to note the righteously severe manner in which some Congressmen and many newspapers comment upon the misdoings at the Military and Naval Academies. It were better, they declare, to raze both institutions to the ground than to allow the cadets to carry on as they—so the charges state—have been doing. With the abstract proposition of the absolute duty of obedience there need be no quarrel, and the young men who have received their dismissal papers have learned a lesson they will never forget. But, even taking the pranks at the worst, West Point and Annapolis stand at the head of the institutions of their class in the world. In an age when the cry of imperialism and all that sort of thing has been raised, both of these great schools, by offering an even opportunity to all, are about the most democratic things we have in our boasted democracy. And, what is still more to the point, they were never better filled, never better officered, never better conducted, and never more efficient in results than they are to-day.

IN THIS man-behind-something age not a word has been said about the men behind the millionaire monopolists of money, railroads, steamships and trusts in general; and yet, if the whole truth could be told, it would be found that Mr. Morgan and Mr. Hill and Mr. Cassatt and Mr. Rockefeller and all the other big men owe much of their invincibility to bright and brilliant men—generally young men, too—who are working for their interests, scheming for them, offering suggestions, and planning the great coups which startle the country and make the old records tame. The man behind the millionaire is the man behind the throne, and some day he will wear a crown of millions himself.

MISS LAURA D. GILL, the new dean of Barnard College, in her inaugural address, placed special emphasis upon the social and religious agencies of college life. "Intellect alone is cold, heartless and selfish," she said—she was born in Maine. "It must be lighted up by moral and spiritual principles to reveal its beauty or fulfill its high mission." Miss Gill is one of the new women who live well, think well and are on good terms with the world. She has had the advantages of the best education; she has been a war nurse; she has taken part in important movements, and she has acquired a large and valuable view of the world. Thus she brings to her new position broad experience as well as scholarship, and her opinions of the social and religious relationships of colleges and students are ripened by observation. She reflects the spirit of the times. The merely well-educated person is the incubus of the age. It takes something better than mere book knowledge to keep in touch and in step with these quick and nervous days. The social training is necessary in order to make and keep acquaintances; the religious hold is essential to a proper equation not only with one's own character but in respect to others.

IN THE new editions of the dictionaries many thousands of new words are announced. The English-speaking nations are the growing nations and the English language is the expanding language; it is annexing everything useful from every other language of the world. The difference between the comparatively modest volume which Noah Webster got out and the ponderous unabridged work of to-day, representing the toil and the knowledge and the research of hundreds of the ablest scholars of the world, shows the marvelous development. One interesting feature of this expansion is the gradual elimination of italicizing. Not many years ago it was the custom to put any word that had a foreign look about it in italics; now we use this as our own as coolly as we vote a naturalized immigrant in a close primary. The effect is rather curious. It has discouraged the use of foreign phrases, and the ambitious one who wants to display his smattering of French in an English article finds his importations supplanted by home products. The editor makes the change, unless there are special reasons why it should not be done. The gain to the average reader, who dislikes to stumble against such affectation without knowing what the strange words mean, is great. So marked, indeed, has been this change that the typesetting machines, by which the newspapers of the world are now set up, have no italic letters, except where they are especially required. It can generally be accepted that when a word leaves the italic stage and gets into ordinary type it has reached American citizenship.

Be it ever so humble there's no place like home to get back to after the summer boarding spell.

Pauperizing by Education

MANY Americans must have been taken aback by the suggestion of the English newspapers that Mr. Carnegie runs the risk of "pauperizing" the Scottish people by his generous gifts to the Scottish universities. We have been so accustomed to the endowment of institutions of learning on the handsomest scale, and to the enjoyment of free schools of not only the lower but the intermediate grades, and to seeing our newer States add the university as the completion of their school systems, that we have lost sight of such objections to free education. We have come to regard it as a matter of public policy that every class should have all the education it can absorb, and that every kind of endowment for educational purposes should be encouraged by legal protection and public sympathy.

In England the mercantile spirit, fostered by the teachings of the political economists, so far prevails that there are substantially no free schools. Those who declare that they are not able to pay for the education of their children in the common schools have their school fees paid out of the public purse. But all who are able to pay are expected and required to pay. It is assumed that it is unfair to those who have education to sell that any should be furnished with it gratis. The fee may be much below the actual cost of the teaching, but the fee is there on principle.

This, after all, is but half-way consistency. Why not charge the full cost? People would be pauperized by getting their groceries at half-price, as truly as by getting them for nothing. Why not their education also? Such a principle would require the abolition of all educational endowments, beginning with the estates owned by Oxford and Cambridge and the great "public schools," and compelling the rich to pay, not a third or a fifth, but the whole cost of having their sons converted into educated men. It would close every university on both sides of the Atlantic, for not one of them charges, or could charge, the half of what the student costs.

Scotch education has not thriven on the principle that every man shall bear the burden of his children's training. Out of the great estates of the old Church, embracing, it is said, half the arable lands of Scotland, were endowed the parish churches, and the parish schools also, although the hungry nobles managed to make off with the lion's share. The Scotch universities, with the single exception of Edinburgh, have always been comparatively poor, but it would have been impossible for them to keep their doors open if they had had no other resources than fees. If Mr. Carnegie enables them to dispense with fees altogether, what change of principle is involved which will undermine the sturdiness and self-reliance of the Scotch character? A still greater number of Scotchmen will obtain a liberal education if fees are no longer asked, but a benefit given equally to all who seek it will not degrade the recipient. Otherwise America must be classed as a nation of educational paupers, in view of our common-school system.

England must get past the mercantile conception of education if her people are to be put on a level with those of her industrial and military rivals. That conception cramped her educational efforts, and postponed the establishment of any system of public schools until 1870. It is still holding her school system down to the level of "the three R's," in a way that America has abandoned for half a century at least. And it is in gross contradiction to her church and university policy, both classes of institution resting on endowments.

What is consistency? It certainly is not the man who calls woman vain, and then decks himself in a secret society uniform.

Farewell to Waterfalls

ELECTRICAL experts and some common people are already reconciling themselves to the prospect of the total loss of Niagara Falls as a scenic spectacle. Each power tunnel bored and returning opulent dividends to its projectors is an irresistible argument in favor of the construction of another. The cataract is like a gold mine with two million tons of ore in sight. Is it reasonable to suppose that the miners will stop when ten thousand tons have been taken out, or fifty thousand, or a hundred thousand, or any amount short of the entire contents of the lode? As reasonable as it is to suppose that the exploiters of Niagara will stop with ten thousand horse-power, or fifty thousand, or a hundred thousand, or any other amount short of the entire capacity of the falls.

But while the probability that Niagara Falls may soon give place to a bare wall of rock is forcing itself upon thoughtful minds, the full implications of this tremendous fact do not seem as yet to have attracted attention. The inevitable corollary of the loss of Niagara is nothing less than the total disappearance of all waterfalls as an element of natural scenery. Niagara represents the extreme limit of the resistance of Nature to science in that direction. Long before the last drop of its mighty flood is tamed and made to flow through a turbine by way of a tunnel or a canal every minor cataract and cascade will be at work turning dynamos.

In most cases the problem is elementary compared with that of harnessing Niagara. A little dam across Yosemite Creek before it takes its half-mile plunge over the cliff will transform one of the world's wonders into an industrious substitute for a steam engine. It will be easy to persuade the Merced River not to take the dazzling leap of six hundred feet that we call the Nevada Fall. The Shoshone Falls, Minnehaha, the Genesee, the Passaic are either gone or rapidly going.

Every little cascade in a woodland glen is a potential source of wealth. Every one may be expected to disappear, unless it be preserved in a public or private park like the surviving specimens of the buffalo. We do not yet fully realize what this means—how much the loss of the laughter of falling brooks and the surge of falling rivers will subtract from the enjoyment of life. Perhaps sentiment may be sufficiently powerful to gain for us at rare intervals a taste of the old pleasures. On a centennial anniversary or the visit of a President the masters of the dynamos may shut down most of their plants and turn on Niagara for a day. It will be a spectacle that will draw excursionists from the whole continent.

A stream that starts in the Sierras ten thousand feet above the sea may run through a hundred power plants before it meets the tide. In time all its possibilities will be utilized. Every mile of vagrant travel in its bed will be a waste of energy, and ultimately we may expect to find it running the entire distance through pipes. Hydraulic engineers will explore the remotest recesses of the Andes, the Himalayas and the mountains of Africa for sources of power, and no waterfall will be too inaccessible to be caught and tamed. What will the poets do then? Perhaps they may find poetry in a turbine, but if they do, its quality can hardly match that inspired by a cataract. And even if the poets manage to adapt themselves to the new conditions what will become of the artists? How are they going to idealize the inside of an iron pipe? Yet that is where all the flowing water will be, unless science discovers some still cheaper source of power.

Churches on Wheels

By Forrest Crissey

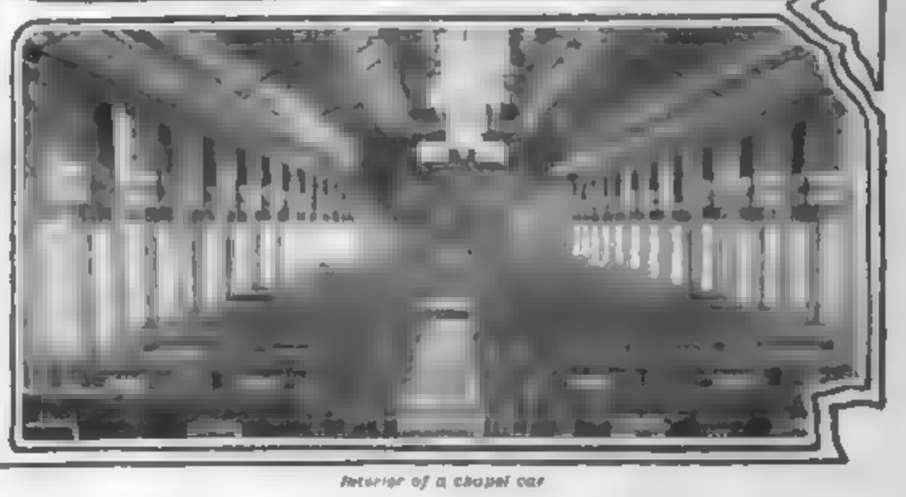
Work on the foundation of a meeting-house at Holmes, Iowa

Gathering stones for the foundation of a meeting-house at Holmes, Iowa

Chapel Car No. 5, "Messenger of Peace"

The parsonage in a chapel car

Interior of a chapel car



THE crawling circuit rider has been displaced by the swift rolling "chapel car," and the saddle bags of the sturdy old gospel scout have been supplanted by the phonograph, the stereopticon and the polyglot library on wheels. The world moves and evangelization has struck the twentieth century pace. Modern methods in religious activity have crowded the plodding old pioneer of the gospel from the beaten trail of his circuit. Now the promoter of the church militant pushes the interests of the cause in a private coach fit for a millionaire, and the "church on wheels" hits the rails of more than sixty big Western roads. One society alone has six of these flying chapels in constant operation.

If the costly chapel car, with its elaborate equipment and luxurious appointments, is not quite so picturesque as its forerunner, the faithful horse which the mounted itinerant preacher bestrode, the experiences encountered by the evangelists of the rails are not less novel or thrilling than those of the men of the past.

The movement owes its origin to Mr. Boston W. Smith (Uncle Boston), who now commands the force of chapel cars operated by the American Baptist Publication Society. He was in the "boom town" of St. James, Minnesota, when houses and shacks were scarce and tents were the prevailing form of architecture. Everything was overcrowded. With a local groceryman he was interested in establishing a Sunday school. There was not a place under cover that could be obtained for this purpose. Finally they appealed to the superintendent in charge of that division of the Northwestern road which had its terminal in St. James, asking if the passenger coach which was sidetracked there over Sunday could not be used as a chapel. The request was granted, with the offer of heat and light. From this sprang a prosperous local church. "This is just the thing for the new towns of the West," declared Mr. Smith, who gave his whole time to religious work.

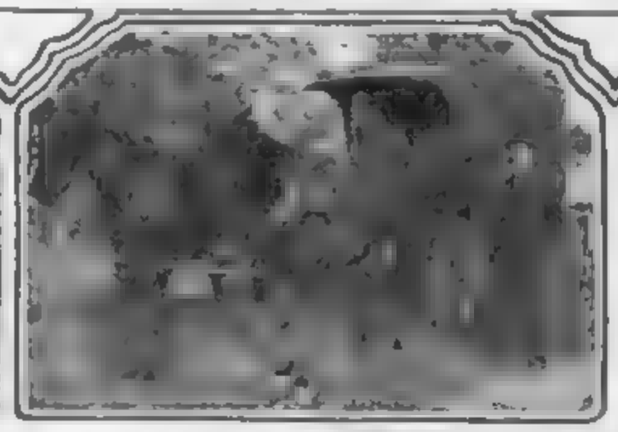
Twelve years later he told the incident of the sidetracked passenger coach in the hearing of Rev. Wayland Hoyt. This well-known preacher, impressed with the possibilities of the chapel car, brought the plan to the attention of his brother, Mr. Colgate Hoyt, the railroad magnate. Soon the evangelist was informed that a chapel car syndicate had been organized in Wall Street and that a car would be constructed. It was called the "Evangel," and was dedicated May 23, 1890. It was sent into the Northwest with results which led, in course of time, to the construction of five others. These are at work in neglected towns from the plains of Texas and Arizona to the frontier hamlets of Montana and Washington. More than ninety churches have been organized and seventy-five pastors settled by the visits of these six chapel cars.

There is no lack of excitement," said the pioneer of the movement, "in this kind of work. We have no end of picturesque and stirring experiences. But the whole secret of our campaign is to meet men on their own ground."

Railway men are among the most devoted friends of the chapel car, and the work done at the remote division terminals of the West, where churches are comparatively few and not largely attended, is accounted of first importance by the men who man these churches on wheels. The fact that these cars are constructed as perfectly as the most modern Pullman coaches inspires the railroad men with respect. Then they are attracted by the presence of a novelty. Scores of engineers, stokers, conductors, brakemen and men of all ranks who are strangers to the inside of a church eagerly attend the chapel-car meetings. The experience of a certain engineer who runs out of Wadsworth, Nevada, has been many times paralleled. For many years he had steadfastly resisted the appeals of his wife to attend religious services of any kind. When the chapel car, however, was abanted upon the siding his curiosity mastered his prejudice. He allowed himself to be induced to attend. The first song captivated his fancy. "Never heard anything like that, Jenny," he said to his wife as they stepped from the rear platform after the service, "and I'll go again when I get in from my run."

Railroad men's meeting, Como Shops, Northern Pacific

Northern Michigan wayside scene



Young people's meeting at Bird's Point, Mo.

Gospel sleigh in Minnesota woods

Dash-top wagon for mountain work

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Frequently the man in charge of the chapel car finds himself hard pushed to supply the demands made upon him. The diversity of tongues spoken in the West seemed at first to offer an [illegible] obstacle to the usefulness of the work and has resulted in many novel experiences. While in Texas a chapel-car meeting was attended by two gorgeously dressed Mexican cowboys who had come in from a ranch twenty miles distant. They readily accepted the message of the evangelist and pleaded with him to make a trip with them and hold a meeting at the ranch where they were employed. Their request was granted, but when the missionary faced his audience at the ranch he was confronted by the fact that the two men who had brought him there were the only ones among his hearers who understood English. But one of them said: "If the Señor will speak very slowly, I will put his words into Spanish." Then, sentence by sentence, the Mexican cowboy gave to his companions the sermon

At El Paso, Texas, a delegation of Celestials came to the chapel car and requested a special service for the Chinese residents. Lum Chow, a Christianized leader of his people, acted as interpreter, and the words from the car pulpit were rendered into Chinese to the delight of the Mongolian audience. Though local interpreters are generally to be found, the crews of the cars do not rely wholly upon this makeshift for their appeal to those who cannot understand English. The library of each car is stocked with Bibles printed in all the various tongues which are spoken by the foreign settlers of the West. This supply generally includes Bibles in about a dozen different languages, and they are freely distributed.

Perhaps the star attraction of the chapel car is the phonograph. These machines are of the best make and are kept supplied with fresh "records." A large proportion of the persons who visit the cars there see for the first time this marvel of modern science, and listen in amazement to the voice of Mr. Ira D. Sankey singing the touching story of the "Ninety and nine that safely lay in the shelter of the fold." The phonograph sermons are very brief and reproduce, with telling effect, the voices of the famous pulpit orators who delivered them. For the afternoon children's meetings the best humorous and musical "records" are given. Burdette, Dooley, Sousa and Nordica are the favorites

Some of the chapel cars are supplied with a stereopticon. There are scenes from the Holy Land and reproductions of the best paintings of Scriptural subjects, and there are also pictures of a humorous and secular nature. Each car has a good organ.

Not infrequently the chapel cars are visited by railway officials who are making tours of inspection over their lines. These guests are always made very welcome, as a more intimate understanding, on their part, of the work done by the churches on wheels seldom fails to inspire them with an increased interest. Often an official call has resulted in an order to have the car furnished with coal, ice and oil without charge.

A Singing Congregation of Indians

On the other hand, the management of the chapel cars follows the rule that they shall not be used for exhibition purposes and that they shall be sent only to towns where there are few, if any, churches, and to division headquarters. If a public reception is held in a chapel car it is only on the day of its departure, after the labors of the sojourn are practically closed. The effort is constantly made to put the railway authorities and employees to as little inconvenience as possible in the movement of these cars, which are generally hauled by the slower trains—and invariably without charge. Employees of the road are almost universally found to be friends of the "church on wheels," and sometimes construct special side-tracks at small stations for its accommodation. Lumbermen and miners are as friendly to the traveling chapel as are the railway employees and the cowboys. Occasionally the crew of the gospel car is called to leave the "standard-gauge" church and go up into the mines by a narrow-gauge line equipped with dummy cars. Hundreds of Indians have listened to the message of the chapel-car evangelist, and in one instance a large company of these wards of the nation celebrated such an occasion by singing America with tremendous zest

Critical observers of the chapel-car work are sometimes inclined to feel that the "missionary" and his wife, composing its crew, have a life of luxury, "traveling over the country in a private car." This view of the work does not take into account the fact that the missionary is not unacquainted, in the course of his wanderings, with the use of the bucksaw, and that he regularly descends from his pulpit to scrub the floor of his church after a week day service or on "blue Monday."

Supplementing the work of the chapel car is that of the modern colportage wagon, which penetrates to the most remote settlements, far removed from the influence of the railway towns. In the prairie regions or the comparatively level districts these vehicles resemble the trim delivery wagons used by the retail merchants of metropolitan cities. For service in mountainous sections, however, wagons with wood tops are impracticable because too top-heavy. Canvas-covered vehicles of a specially light but strong construction are used for gospel campaigning in high altitudes and in rough regions

When these wagons were first introduced each bore the legend "Missionary Wagon." This inscription, however, met with a forced change from the fact that the members of the communities visited almost universally drew the unflattering inference that the word "Missionary" carried with it the meaning of "heathen"—a deduction which they resented with great spirit. In deference to this sentiment the word "Missionary" was painted out and "Colportage" put in its place on each wagon.

Racing Over a Breaking Bridge

Frequently these vehicles are subjected to usage so rough as to test their workmanship and materials, and the courage and skill of the driver, to the limit. In driving from Petoskey to Alpena, more than one hundred miles through the Michigan wilderness, Rev. E. M. Stephenson, a veteran in this work, met with an experience which illustrates the perils of the colporteur's life. At the foot of a steep hill was a "pole bridge," which was ordinarily about twenty feet above the stream which it spanned. The river, however, had been so swollen by heavy rains that the bridge had been nearly carried away, pieces of flooring being missing in many places

The gaping holes in the bridge were not discovered until the wagon had descended the hill and was partially across the shaking structure. To turn back was impossible, and the horses, frightened by the roaring of the stream and the insecurity of their footing, plunged forward in a series of wild leaps. Fortunately each bound brought them on cross-ties and carried the wagon over the holes. Once upon solid ground the "pilot" or guide exclaimed to his companion: "I've been in these woods a long time, but that's the hottest ride I ever had."

In one sense, at least, it was not the "hottest" which the colporteur experienced on that very trip. Just as he was entering on a long stretch of corduroy road the top of his wagon struck a huge nest of hornets, and a considerable portion of the enraged swarm descended upon the backs of the horses. The terrified animals sped down the rough log way as if in the lead at a steeple-chase, while the colporteur clung to the reins and wondered how long the wheels of the wagon would stand the terrific jolting. The fact that the corduroy road was considerably higher than the swale on either side doubtless accounted for the fact that the horses did not leave it

At Rainy River Bridge the same colporteur met with an experience which was not soon forgotten. His way was suddenly disputed by three men who carried guns and had every appearance of being backwoods desperadoes of the most pronounced type. He expected that he would be relieved of the little money in his purse, that everything of value in his wagon would be taken, and that perhaps he would see his captors ride away with his team. After carefully cross-questioning the missionary with regard to the work which took him into that region, they verified his statements by an examination of the contents of his wagon, and took especial care to satisfy themselves that he was unarmed. This accomplished, they informed him that they were bear trappers and that he might go about his business. At the nearest settlement he learned that the men who had waylaid him were undoubtedly "moonshiners," and that his fate would have been a hard one had they found that he carried firearms or anything which might have been thought to confirm their suspicions that he was a United States revenue agent in disguise

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Men & Women of the Hour

Mrs. McKinley and Gen. Grant

Brigadier-General Frederick D. Grant recently returned to this country from the Philippines on leave of absence, and told how eager many of the Filipinos are to observe American holidays, to wear American clothes, and to honor the American Government.

The resemblance of the General, in appearance, to his famous father is very striking, and especially when he is in military uniform.

General Grant has just passed his fifty-first year and is himself a graduate of West Point. His career has been curiously varied. He was for a time a Colonel of cavalry; afterward he was United States Minister to Austria; still later he became one of the Police Commissioners of New York City; during the war with Spain he was once more a Colonel; then he was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and recently was advanced to the same rank in the regular army.

In connection with his appointment to his present rank a pretty story is told that illustrates the kindly heart of Mrs. McKinley.

As the President and she sat talking one evening, Mr. McKinley told her that he had that day decided to give General Grant this last advance, and Mrs. McKinley expressed her pleasure at learning of the intended promotion, and added:

"Don't you think, dear, that it would be nice to send a note to Mrs. Grant, telling her that you had decided to appoint her son? It would be so much nicer for her to get it direct from you than to read the official announcement in the papers. I can imagine how a mother would like to know of her son's promotion."

The President agreed, and, going to a writing-table, he penned a little note stating that, at Mrs. McKinley's request, he wrote to tell Mrs. Grant that he would take pleasure on the following day in appointing her son "Fred" to the rank of a Brigadier-General in the regular army.

Mrs. Grant, the venerable and beloved widow of the great soldier and statesman, was greatly touched by Mrs. McKinley's thoughtfulness of her.

Mr. Gates' Peppery Gargle

Mr. John W. Gates, the millionaire speculator and former president of the American Steel and Wire Company, had an experience just before he sailed for Europe recently that he will probably remember for some little time. His home in New York is at a Fifth Avenue hotel, and almost any evening, while in the city, he may be seen in the corridors there, in full dress, and smoking a big cigar.

Mr. Gates has a somewhat peppery temper and on occasion doesn't mind using language. The agitated times experienced by Wall Street not long ago by no means softened or improved that temper, and several of his intimate friends determined to take advantage of this fact to perpetrate a little joke. One of them presented him with a gargle which, he was told, would instantly cure a sore throat from which he was suffering. Next morning the jokers, of whom there were six, lay in wait for him downstairs, and as soon as he came in sight the first one stepped up, slapped him on the back and said:

"Well, John, did you use the gargle?"

"Yes, I did."

"Did it help you?"

"Not a bit"

"That's too bad!"

Mr. Gates thought so, too. He was walking toward the dining-room when the next man stepped up. He, too, slapped him on the back and asked him the same questions, word for word. A third man came up with the millionaire, gave him a thump between his shoulder blades that made his teeth rattle, and repeated the formula. Mr. Gates glared at him after the first question, but the man wore such a bland, childlike expression that there was nothing for it but to answer his question civilly. When, however, the fourth man came to the front and went through the same performance Mr. Gates began to suspect something. His back was sore where his solicitous friends had pounded him and his temper was sorer still. He turned fiercely on his questioner, but the latter met the outburst with perfect calmness, and the assurance that the "game" which Mr. Gates suspected had no existence at all.

"If," said number four, "we have all asked you about the gargle and your throat, it's because we all heard you were using the gargle, and, being your friends, we are naturally solicitous as to the result."

Mr. Gates was forced to accept this explanation. A fifth man then came up.

"John," he said, "did you use that gargle?" and with that he fetched him a tap which made all the others seem insignificant.

"Gargle! Gargle!" There followed such an explosion of verbal fireworks that the sixth man lost heart and Mr. Gates was allowed to wend his way in peace to the dining-room. He was just stepping across the threshold when there was a voice at his elbow: "Oh, Mr. Gates, may I see you a moment?"

Mr. Gates, his face aflame with anger, turned on the newcomer and said:

"What the deuce do you want? Do you want to know about the gargle, too? If any more fool questions are asked me about that gargle I'll lay somebody out!"

But the last questioner knew nothing about the gargle. He was a reporter from one of the evening papers who had been sent up to find out whether Mr. Gates had lost one million or two millions in the Wall Street panic. The reporter was big, red-headed and Irish, with a temper quite as touchy as that of Mr. Gates himself, and with a willingness to fight at the drop of a hat. When the steel magnate turned on him so fiercely the reporter, for a moment, was dumb with amazement. Then all the blood in his body rushed to his head and he said things that made the waiters and others standing around look instinctively for cover.

It was Mr. Gates' turn to be stricken dumb, but he, too, recovered himself in short order. And then the English began to fly on both sides. But soon Mr. Gates saw that he had probably done the young giant who stood opposite to him an injustice and exclaimed:

"Well, I thought you were in the game about that gargle! I guess I was mistaken. Now what can I do for you?"

The reporter stated his mission, and the two parted very good friends.

Mr. Hill's Forgetfulness

When Mr. James J. Hill, one of the most prominent figures in the railroad world to-day, is engaged in an important matter, as, for example, the perfecting of a railroad consolidation, all else is apt to fade from his mind.

Just before the Burlington deal was put through some weeks ago Mr. Hill went to New York with his wife, son and daughter. The family went at once to their usual stopping place, a hotel opposite Central Park—that is, all the members of the family except Mr. Hill himself.

That gentleman went directly from the Grand Central station to the office of Mr. J. P. Morgan. He didn't appear at the hotel until about eleven o'clock that night. Next morning he was away again by eight, returning about midnight, and so it went on for nearly a week. On Sunday morning Mr. Hill had an important conference with Colonel Daniel Lamont, Vice-President of the Northern Pacific, who called for him at the hotel. The two were seen to leave the hotel together, enter a cab and drive off.

That was the last seen of Mr. Hill for ten days, though he had taken no baggage along, not even an extra collar. Neither his wife, his son, nor his daughter knew where he was, but so accustomed were they to this sort of thing that they were not in the least worried. Scores of people called at the hotel to see Mr. Hill and to all of them the same answer was given by the hotel clerks: "Mr. Hill went away last Sunday and nobody knows where he is."

All the mail that arrived was held, as no one knew where it should be forwarded. About four days after Mr. Hill's departure, Mrs. Hill and her son and daughter left for their home in St. Paul. Before going, the hotel people were instructed to hold Mr. Hill's rooms for him and to leave his trunk and other baggage just where they were.

On the tenth day Mr. Hill walked into the hotel about six or seven o'clock in the evening as naturally as though he had only left in the morning. He went upstairs, took possession of his rooms, and made no comment at all on the absence of his family. Apparently, he took this as a matter of course. When asked where he had been, it developed that he had concluded to take advantage of a lull in the railroad negotiations in which he was engaged to take a run down South. He had been at Old Point and several other places, resting. He went away without baggage and came back without baggage.

A nice fruit juice, such as comes from canned peaches, pears, etc., makes a delicious dish of Grape-Nuts; and another favorite is to make a pudding with sultana raisins, such as given in the directions on the package. When a man or woman once eats Grape-Nuts he (or she) thereupon joins the Grape-Nuts army, and never regrets it. This food is made by the Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., and is for sale by all first-class grocers.

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Thompson's Progress By Cutcliffe Hyne

(Continued from Page 3)

"Ye sang a different tune t' other night."

"I was hurried. I wanted to read the paper. But I thought after you when you'd gone, and intended to see you about it again some other day. Quick now, Tom, how am I to get away? I've just seen Hustler down yonder through the trees, and if I've caught sight of him, it's likely he's noticed me. Can you catch Hophni and give him 'what for' if I run that way?"

"Cower down i' t' dike here aside o' me."

"But, my good lad, they're certain to ferret us out of there."

"Tha'st no 'casion to pay t' fine," said Tom's Son dryly, "if t' jail suits tha' better."

Squire Tordoff wiped the sweat from a very white face and got down into the little water-course.

"If tha' splashes and slips like that," said Tom's Son sharply, "I shall leave tha', and tha'lt go to Wakefield after all. Try and handle your feet cleverer. Look at me."

They worked across the floor of the little ravine and part of the way up one of its sides. Twice Tom's Son raised his head above the lip of the water-course and took an observation from behind the cover of brambles. Hophni Asquith had left his hiding place, and had gone to the robbed burrow, and was foolishly fingering the abandoned nets. Presently he shouted, and the keeper's reply came from quite close at hand. But Tom's Son did not unduly hurry the retreat, and Squire Tordoff sweated with fear as he crouched along at his heels.

But presently the ditch widened, and its walls grew more tall, and then in front of them there opened out what seemed to be an abandoned quarry, with its sides covered with fern and bush and grasses, and its floor filled with a tidy pond. There was no possible scaling of its walls. It seemed to the old man a cul de sac, and he almost whimpered as he said so.

"Watch where I put my feet," said Tom's Son, "and come on. Or if you don't like that, stay behind and get copped."

Squire did as he was instructed, and found that there were stepping-stones not more than an inch below the surface of the pond. So he got across to a clump of elders at the farther side of the quarry, and discovered there a black tunnel disappearing into the hill, and floored with black forbidding water.

"For the Lord's sake, lad, not in there. It's an old day-hole, and it will be full of foul air. And the roof may fall on us. Nay, lad, better jail than that."

"Tha'st comed this far," said Tom's Son, catching the old man's hand into his own strong grip, "and I'm noan bahn to leave tha' behind for evidence. This is my own residence, Squire, and I wish to keep it particular private from Hustler and that Hophni Asquith. Now sithee here," he added, when he saw that his visitor's terror was going to get the better of him; "call out one word aloud, and I'll stun tha'! Tha'st n'casion to be flaid. They've noan gotten coal from this day-'oil these forty years, but t' roof's as sound as ever it was, and t' air's as sweet as blackberries."

He ducked his head, and slopped off into the darkness with Squire plunging along at his heels, and that eminent man tried to tell himself that if there was a pit in the unseen contours of the floor, Tom's Son's plunge would demonstrate the fact, and he himself would not necessarily be involved in the fall. Although he had lived in a colliery district all his days, this was his first journey underground; he was a hand-loom weaver by caste and trade, and these always held themselves socially above the colliers; and so the dark, dank, echoing tunnel daunted him past belief.

Of a sudden Tom's Son, by a quick twist, wrenched free his hand, and Squire whimpered with a new terror at finding himself orphaned in this abominable blackness. "Lad, lad!" he cried; "give me back your hand! You're a collier, and can see in the dark, but I can't, Tom, and I'm afraid. Tom, lad, come back to me."

"Cower quiet where you are, you old fool. Note'll bite tha'. I'm seeking t' plank. There was a fault here i' t' coal, an' they sunk a shaft to find t' new seam. Shaft's full o' watter, and I've a plank weighted and sunk in it if I could nobbut find t' string to fotch it up. Ah, here 'tis."

There was a sound of heavy breathing, a splash or two, and then the clatter of the plank being thrown across the gap.

"Now grip my hand again, and come on, and see tha' doesn't tread over into t' water. T' plank's nobby [illegible]-inch un."

Again the [illegible] unseen hand drew Squire along, a[illegible] his fumbling feet shuffled sideways across that invisible plank in terrified three-inch strides. The blackness that crowded in around gave him physical pain. At the thought of the horrid abyss beneath the plank his stomach rose till it almost choked him.

Tom's Son left him again for a moment, and drew across the plank, hiding it in some fold of the coal-seam. "It'll noan be Hophni and Hustler that follow us in here, even if they do think of trying the entrance, which I doubt. But if they did, there's a swim for them."

"Do you think that any man would walk into hell like this unless he were dragged?" gasped Squire.

They were in a cross-road just then, and Tom's Son's laugh rumbled down three galleries. "Hell's a place with a fire in it, don't they say? Well, if I show tha' a few lit coals, Squire, do not be flaid and think it hell."

But Squire Tordoff's mind was numb to any further accumulation of terrors. They turned and twisted on through more invisible galleries, now climbing steep banks, and now slithering down muddy hills and splashing through unseen ponds at their foot, and he blundered on with his hand in Tom's Son's lusty grip, walking like a man in a trance.

At length they halted in a place that was warm to the face, and dry and hard to the foot, and filled with a feeble glow of light, and though in his raised state this confirmed his worst belief, his mind had got its full load already, and was incapable of further emotion. Here was hell, apparently warm and comfortable, and presently would arrive the Devil. After coming to which conclusion he shut his eyes, and either slept or fainted.

When next he blinked into wakefulness again he found himself resting very cosily on a bed of crisp, dry bracken, and was conscious of an appetizing smell of cooking meats. He looked around and saw a small low room, some nine feet cube, lit by a most ordinary rush-light dip, and furnished chiefly by the well-built, well-groomed person of Thomas Tom's Son, and a mongrel she-dog with a mottled nose. A vision of hell still hung mistily in his mind, and with it a picture of gridirons. Well, there was the gridiron truly enough, and a fire, but instead of an attendant with horns and hoofs, and the wicked man suffering penance, Tom's Son was the operator, and a simple rabbit was his barbecue. He was tending it with salt, with butter, and with pinches of pepper, and the scent which arose from the performance was appetizing beyond words. Indeed it was that scent more than anything else which brought Mr. Squire Tordoff back again to his level senses.

Tom's Son noted his guest's recovery, and winked approval. "There's note like victuals ready and waiting to wake 'em up with their teeth sharpened." He broke the rabbit across its back, and handed half across to his guest; Clara uncoiled, stretched luxuriously, and stood by for scraps; and the meal progressed pleasantly. Knives and forks were little used in 1850 in the West Riding of Yorkshire by people of the station of Tordoff and Tom's Son, and for that matter are by no means deemed necessities to-day. As a further luxury, there was a stone bottle of beer which each consulted in turn, and when in the end the rabbit's meat had disappeared, and Clara had enveloped the head and framework, Squire Tordoff, who had lived on porridge most of his days, felt that he had seldom dined so satisfactorily.

He knew that he must be in some old coal-workings, but there was no awful darkness now. The candle and the fire dispelled his superstitions, and his curiosity began to work at pressure. "Where does the smoke from your fire go to, Tom?" he asked as a preliminary.

It appeared that the ventilating shaft of one of the better-bed mines came up from below just alongside the little room, and ended in a fat, round stack of brick on the hilltop above, and Tom had tapped this, and used it as his private chimney. For fuel he had a collier's pick, and could dig coal himself from its native seam not a dozen fathoms away. Rabbits for food were easy to come by. Only beer and an occasional tallow candle did he have to import. But for the most part rabbits and his fiddle sufficed him. He could play best in the dark or by the dancing firelight.

All this did not come out at once; first, because although Tom's Son could feel he was no hand at description, and secondly, because he had a curious coyness about letting any one into the secret of his love for delicious sounds. There seemed to him something positively unchaste about Squire Tordoff's hands when they stretched out to take hold of his fiddle.

But when Tom's Son did not like a conversation he could be brusque enough in those days in changing it. He brought out a lump of chalk, and with a sweep of his hand indicated one of the smooth black walls of the room. "The candle's wasting," he said. "Learn me to read."

Squire Tordoff preferred himself, as a general thing, to do what ordering was done. But he made no objection to this proposal. Without exactly owning it even to himself, he was more than a little afraid of Tom's Son. So he wrote out the letters of the alphabet, great and small, and discovered that after three repetitions the pupil knew them as well as he did. Here was no dullard such as he was used to. Here was a fellow with brain and with prodigious memory, and Squire got inflamed with the ardor of teaching him.

The store of rush-lights, which numbered three, ran out, and they stoked up the fire to light them at their labors till the little cube of a room carried an atmosphere like that of an oven. To this flickering illumination Tom's Son learned how A CAT ATE A RAT, and other great truths usually acquired by infants, and, boldly discarding the initial stage of pothooks and hangers, he advanced straight into letters, and with another piece of chalk wrote duplicates of the texts in a dashing hand.

The sun made no division of day and night in that troglodytic residence, and long after the teacher had dropped back into sleep on the dried bracken, the pupil was working on at his lesson with tireless energy. Here was the beginning, a ridiculously easy thing: presently the whole art of reading would leap within his grasp. He was thrilled with a sense of the power which would then be his.

It was one of the peculiar attributes of Tom's Son that he seldom took more than four hours' sleep in the twenty-four, and never more than five. It gives a man a great pull if he can refresh himself in half the time that his neighbors take over that operation; but at the same time, when he is young it is rather apt to make him impatient of those who employ the slower methods.

Squire Tordoff was addicted to a nine hours' sleep, and when at the end of three hours he was rootled up, he was touchy in temper. He complained that his mouth tasted as if he had been sucking a brass tap, which, in view of the stuffy heat of the room, was not to be wondered at, and when asked at once there and then to continue his course of lessons, flatly and rudely refused.

Tom's Son's big lower jaw began to protrude itself unpleasantly.

"Squire," he said, "could ye find a way back to out-o'-doors?"

Squire blustered. "You must guide me, my good lad. Come, don't answer back, but do as you're bid. You've done me certain services, and I've repaid them handsomely. You've had your lesson, and I must say took good advantage of it. At intervals, if you come to my house, I shall be pleased to give you other lessons both in reading and writing, and I may throw in ciphering and other things. But first, my good lad, I must get back. My absence will be causing anxiety."

That grim jaw of Tom's Son softened by not one hair's-breadth, and he in turn put forth his proposition. Having annexed a teacher, he saw no good cause for letting him go again. A month, at the outside, he reckoned as being necessary for the transference of all the learning that the teacher possessed, and during that said month he might stay in the room in the disused mine, and Tom's Son would feed him sumptuously on barbecued rabbits, with occasional tastes of beer.

The old man's fury at these cool suggestions was worthy of his Chartist traditions. He was an Englishman, and demanded his freedom. He would be no man's captive; he refused to work as a slave; he would die sooner than submit to such impertinent tyranny.

"Very well," said Tom's Son; "no teaching, no victual," and proceeded to eat, himself, but to offer no share of the repast to his

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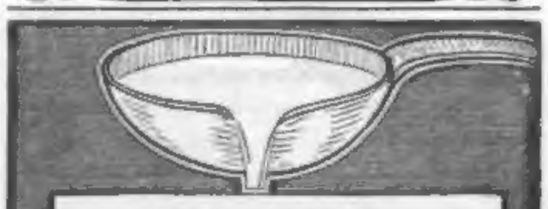

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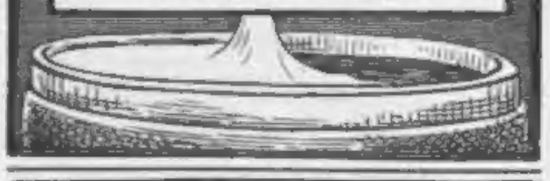

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guest. Squire pelted the meal, the place, and Tom himself with revilings; he was a man with an astonishing fluency of tongue; but got no answer for his pains. Tom's Son was in thought going over again his lessons till he assured himself all was locked in his memory and would not be forgotten.

Then without an effort he emptied his mind of all commercial things—ambition, poaching, Squire Tordoff and such like—and got out his fiddle-case from the niche that was cut for it in the coal-seam. He tuned the strings, and then cuddled the delicate wood with his great square chin, and began to play. The music sang out with delicious sweetness—airs from oratorio, lieder, even hymn tunes, and there was weirder melody, too, that the lad had heard in the woods and the brooks.

He did not play to his audience. He had gone away into a music dream, and had forgotten he was not alone. In fact, he was as different from the hard schemer and bargainer of an hour ago as could well be imagined.

Squire Tordoff on his part listened not without appreciation. All Yorkshiremen are born with an ear for music. But Mr. Tordoff was not unnaturally sore in mind, and was almost equally anxious for escape and revenge. He had already said all the nasty things which occurred to him, and Tom's Son had received them all on a hide of brass. But Squire was a man of large and varied experience, and he thought he knew something of the vanity which belongs to the artist. So presently he cried out again: "For Heaven's sake, my lad, stop that scraping. I might put up with being a prisoner, I might put up with teaching you, but that music you make hurts my stomach."

When he had spat out his venom he was almost frightened. Tom's Son's face, as seen in the flickering firelight, lost on that instant its healthy color, and was stricken with a sudden pallor. The music snapped off in the middle of a bar, the fiddle was put into its case, and the lid snapped down. It was the first criticism the lad had ever received upon his art, and he took it in its literal words. Squire was frightened at the bare look of him, but if only he had known how the lad's strong hands itched for murder he would have been even more uncomfortable.

"Get up," said Tom's Son.

"I might give you another lesson now, I think."

"Get up."

"Come now, lad, you'd like to learn the multiplication table?"

"If tha' doesn't get up, I'll use my clog-toe to tha'."

Clara also stood erect, with stiff legs and bristling hackles, and showed a full set of unpleasantly powerful teeth. It was a matter of professional pride on Clara's part to see that her moods coincided with those of her master.

"I've half a mind to leave thee to Clara," said Tom's Son thoughtfully.

Squire had the sense not to cower. "You'd lose your free schooling if you did, Tom."

Tom's Son thrust back his passion with a strong hand. "Tha'rt right there, Squire. I've gone to some trouble to make a good bargain out o' tha', and it musn't be lost. Why, man, but I was very nearly wasting tha'."

Squire Tordoff shivered.

"Well, man, tha' can get thee gone from here, and when tha' gets home see that tha' forgets this place and all about it. I'm noan wishing for visitors."

"I'm not likely to talk, Tom. There's very little I could tell to my own credit."

By the devious galleries of that old-time mine they made their way to daylight again, and when Tom parted with his instructor he had quite regained his usual pleasant spirits. Music and prosperity were things apart, and he must not let them clash. Squire made for prosperity, and he had driven a sound bargain with him.

"Well," he said, "I'll come to tha' two nights a week, Mondays and Thursdays, an' tha' mun learn me reading, writing and sums, and ote else tha' knows. And 'appen I'll bring tha' a rabbith every now and again as a bit o' discount. But I came very near to wasting tha' just now when ye gave me that sauce about t' fiddle! Look at Clara. She's fit to rivet ha' i' bits even now if I nobbut gave t' word."

Squire Tordoff took himself off then, treading cautiously through the woods. During his walk home he wondered to himself how he could so often have preached from that lying text that "All men are born equal."

"Kicker" Lang

(Concluded from Page 5)

of them was addressed to his father. He put the others back in the pocket and then, out of the corner of his eye, glanced at Lang. The fellow was sleeping with his back to the window, and after listening for a few moments to his regular breathing, Jimmie went over to the fire. His first impulse was to burn the letter at once, but the interest of the situation persuaded him to sit down and examine the soiled, creased envelope, to recall the indiscreet words it contained—to enjoy the wonder of at last possessing it. How often he had lain awake at night devising sensational schemes for getting it; how curious it was that it should have fluttered into his hands unsought.

"I am free at last," Jimmie said to himself, and leaned back thoughtfully in his chair as the words went through his mind. He would burn the letter and live as he pleased. Lang's accusation, after a silence of five months, would be looked upon as insanity; Jimmie would deny it with a laugh. It would simply be a question of his word against the tutor's, and his word—well, it was the word of one who lived a decent life, was in favor with the college authorities, paid his bills and—Jimmie's meditations ended in a slow, scornful smile. It was rather amusing to dwell for a moment on such fantastic imaginings, but as for putting them into practice——

"Why, when it comes right down to it, I think I could stick my head into the fireplace before I could burn this," Jimmie finally admitted; and the admission was one with which fear, a sense of risk, had nothing to do. The feeling that he and Lang were pitted against each other, with the letter hanging somewhere between—at once a barrier and a detested bond—had simply evaporated. The envelope and all it contained struck him, now that he had it, as quite unimportant; it could regain its past power only in the event of its destruction.

"I want people to like me and believe in me," Jimmie muttered fiercely. "I like them to like me, and unless they believe in me, they don't," he added somewhat obscurely. As he got up to return the envelope to the coat on the window-seat Lang moved his head and opened his eyes, so Jimmie went to the foot of the bed instead and dropped it into Kicker's hands.

"This fell out of your coat," he said. "I thought for about half a second that I wanted to burn it, but I don't believe I really did; anyhow—here it is."

Lang fingered it in silence and then slowly tore it into strips.

"Yes, burn it," he answered. "No one needs it."

(THE END)

Bees and Alfalfa

THE introduction of alfalfa into Kansas has made the State richer by one million dollars. But the discovery that the honey bee can feed on alfalfa blossoms has added another million. Bees and alfalfa are an ideal combination. Experiments have been made by raisers of honey bees and they report most favorably upon the blossom of the alfalfa.

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Many efforts have been made to use the photographic camera for taking pictures below the surface of the sea, but thus far without any satisfactory results except in one way. By exposing the most sensitive plates at various depths it has been ascertained with definiteness how far sunlight penetrates beneath the waves. This was long a disputed question among scientists, but the test described has proved the correctness of the theory commonly held, that there is practically no illumination beyond 600 feet. In other words, below that level the camera sinks into the absolute blackness of the oceanic abyss.

The notion of taking photographs under the surface of the sea is so extremely picturesque that it has led popular writers to speak confidently of the prospects for getting pictures in this manner of the marine animals in their native haunts, and to suggest the probable usefulness of the camera to divers; but it is to be feared that ideas of this kind are wholly illusory, and that snap-shots in the depths must forever remain out of the question. Even at a very small depth long exposures would be necessary, and most animals would not be willing to sit for their portraits by the hour, though possibly a sea anemone or an oyster might be so accommodating.

Only the other day, however, it was gravely stated in the scientific column of a reputable New York newspaper that "scientific men will use the camera for many researches, now impossible, into the life of submarine animals."

Continuous Gramophones

Hitherto, when a phonograph cylinder or gramophone disk-record has run out, it has been necessary to take it off the machine and replace it with a fresh one, in order to start another tune, or keep up the performance of the instrument—unless, of course, one were to give a repetition. This requirement has been done away with by a new invention (applicable, however, only to machines that use disks, like the gramophone), which arranges the records in such a way that a number of them, perhaps twenty or more, succeed each other automatically, without interference by human hands.

The disks are superposed, one on top of another, in a pile upheld by the apparatus. When the reproducing stylus has come to the end of its spiral track on one disk, the latter falls slightly, and its place is taken by another disk, the stylus adapting itself automatically to the fresh record and starting in to convert it into sound. As soon as it is finished a third disk assumes position, and the performance continues until all of the disks are exhausted.

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Vegetarians particularly will be interested in a "vegetable substitute for meat" which has been newly patented. The mere fact that it is declared by the inventor to have the flavor and nutritive properties of meat, while actually of purely vegetable ingredients, would amount to little were it not that the chemistry section of the Patent Office has indorsed the claim as truthful. As a matter of fact, the compound appears to contain protein and other elements, utilizable in the body for making flesh and blood and for fuel, in about the same proportions as in beef or mutton.

In a word, as claimed by the patentee, the compound is a vegetable substitute for meat, containing the same nutrients in the same proportions, and easy of digestion and assimilation. The stuff of which it is made is wheat-gluten, water and peanut meal. Of course, peanut meal is exceedingly rich in protein (the flesh and blood making substance of foods), while its oil is a capital fuel for the body. Wheat-gluten furnishes the balance of the elements required to imitate meat.

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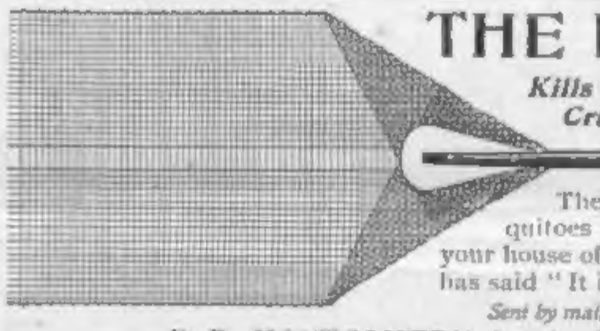

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